

# THE SKETCH.

No. 76.—Vol. VI.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 11, 1894.

SIXPENCE.  
By Post, 6d.



MISS MURIEL BARNBY, DAUGHTER OF SIR JOSEPH BARNBY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. BASSANO, OLD BOND STREET, W.



## THE PANORAMA OF THE WEEK.

**Tuesday.** Royalty was very much in evidence at public functions to-day. The Queen reviewed at Windsor the boys (a thousand strong) of Greenwich Hospital School in connection with the bicentenary of the hospital.—The Princess of Wales opened the new buildings of the British Home for Incurables at Streatham, erected at a cost of £27,500.—The Duke of York laid the memorial stone of the Cripplegate Institute, Golden Lane, which is to contain a fine library.—Eighty thousand people assembled at the Crystal Palace to celebrate General Booth's jubilee and the twenty ninth anniversary of the Salvation Army. Members of the army were present from all parts of the world, including Zulus, Kaffirs, Maoris, and Hottentots. The proceedings began at half-past seven in the morning.—Civil List pensions have been granted to Miss Leech, the only surviving sister of John Leech, and Lady Alice Portal, among others.—President Casimir-Perier's Message to the Chambers was read in the Chamber of Deputies by M. Dupuy and in the Senate by M. Guérin. He declares that he belongs to no party, but to the Republic and to France. "To believe in progress, to resolve on it," the Message ends, "is to ensure public order and social peace." The Message was well received, and was carried by 450 votes to 77.—The editor who was stabbed at Leghorn for his denunciation of Carnot's assassin was buried to-day with great ceremony.—It is reported that an extraordinarily rich reef of gold-bearing quartz has been discovered eleven miles south of the Coolgardie field.

**Wednesday.** Two rather exciting prosecutions took place in London. Two men were remanded at the Guildhall, one of them on the charge of having incited people to murder members of the Royal Family and politicians, should they attend the ceremony of opening the Tower Bridge. They displayed a placard, in which the "royal vermin and rascally politicians" were denounced as "lazy swine."—The German cabinet-maker named Brall, who was charged with the felonious possession of explosive substances, found in his house at Chelsea, was acquitted.—Her Majesty has addressed the Lord Mayor expressing gratification at the enthusiastic reception given to the Prince of Wales on his way to the City on the occasion of the opening of the Tower Bridge.—Sir Edward Clarke, speaking at the dinner of the United Club, predicted that a General Election would result in a triumph for the Unionists.—Mr. John Burns, addressing his constituents, said that, with all its faults, England was the most Democratic, the most Socialistic country on the face of the earth.—The *Scottish Leader*, which was started in Edinburgh in 1884 to voice Liberalism, died to-day, and the *Scotsman* reigns supreme.—The Lord Mayor entertained the members of the Episcopal Bench at dinner at the Mansion House.—Madame Boulanger, the mother of the late General, died to-day. She was an Englishwoman, and was born at Leeds.—A great sensation was caused in Germany last year by the intelligence that more than two hundred paintings and drawings by the great portrait painter Lenbach had been stolen from his house at Munich. The actual thief, the painter's majordomo, was sentenced to-day to eighteen months' imprisonment, followed by three years' loss of civil rights; an artist, who instigated him, to two and a-half years' hard labour; and two dealers, who re-set the pictures, to fifteen months' hard labour, to be followed in each case by five years' deprivation of civil rights.

**Thursday.** The racing days of Lord Dunraven's yacht, the *Valkyrie*, are over. She lies in twenty-five fathoms of water at the bottom of the Clyde, for, while preparing to race with the *Britannia* and the *Vigilant*, she was run into by the *Satanita* and sunk. Lord Dunraven was on board at the time, but escaped injury. The *Britannia* beat the *Vigilant*. A pleasure yacht sank at Cowes.—Polling took place in the Attercliffe Division of Sheffield, Alderman Langley (Liberal) receiving 4486 votes, Mr. H. Smith (Unionist) 3495, and Mr. Frank Smith (Labour) 1249.—The Tynwald, the ancient Parliament of the Isle of Man, was opened, Sir West Ridgeway being present.—Sir Henry Layard died. He was born in Paris in 1817, and began his travels in the East when he was only two-and-twenty.—Baroness Burdett-Coutts was presented with the freedom of the Coach Harness Makers' Company, in recognition of her encouragement of technical education among those engaged in the coachbuilding industries in London. The Baroness holds the freedom of the Haberdashers' and the Turners' Guilds, and also of the City of London.—A window in memory of Caxton, presented by Mr. Butterworth, Master, to the Worshipful Company of Stationers, was unveiled in their hall by the Lord Mayor.—M. Burdeau, the nominee of the French Government, was elected President of the Chamber by 259 votes against 157 given for M. Brisson.—The director of the tramway company at Pisa has been murdered, it is supposed, by an Anarchist.—The King of Servia left Constantinople.

**Friday.** The World's Fair at Chicago was burned down by the railway strikers, who practically hold the town. The number of troops is quite inadequate to deal with the riotous mobs. Trains are looted, and the rioters threaten to destroy every railroad and shop in Chicago. Further developments of the strike are reported from Cleveland, Sacramento, Los Angeles, San José, and other places.—Public-house reform was discussed at Grosvenor House, when the Duke of Westminster, who presided, urged the merits of the Gothenburg

system. Mr. Chamberlain, who moved a resolution for the establishment of a Public-house Reform Association, referred to his efforts in 1877 to introduce that system, although he allowed that, while it had been successful in Sweden, it might not suit the conditions of another country.—The Italian Opera Company from Covent Garden gave a performance before the Queen and Court at Windsor Castle of Gounod's "Phlémon et Baucis" and M. Massenet's "La Navarraise."—Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Harmsworth entertained a large company at the Grafton Galleries to meet Mr. F. G. Jackson and his companions who are to explore the Pole.—M. Deele, the French traveller, declared to an interviewer that Africa as a whole is much overrated. What will always be a drawback to trade are the enormous distances and the difficulties of transport.—In the French Chamber, M. Bordeau, the new President, assumed his post and delivered a brief address.—It is estimated that there are now over two thousand Anarchists in the various Italian prisons, and fresh arrests continue to take place daily.

**Saturday.** Chicago is in chaos, for the strikers have completely terrorised the White City. The mob has burned and broken everything it could lay hold of. Not only so, but 100,000 men will be thrown idle from the cutting off of the supplies of fuel. Two thousand cars have been destroyed near Chicago alone, and much destruction has been done in other towns. The sailing of ocean steamers from Boston is much interfered with.—Mr. Gladstone has made his final exit from politics, for a letter from him was read to his Midlothian constituents to-day. He thanks them for their "bold and active, but circumspect and considerate, application of the principles of Liberal policy to the conduct of public affairs." The second set of qualifying adjectives is rather remarkable. A vote of confidence in Sir Thomas Carmichael, who is to contest the seat, was adopted unanimously.—The Princess of Wales gladdened the heart of young Harrow by distributing the prizes. Baker, senior, the head of the school, in his epilogue, pardoned the "Ladas-proud Premier for his indiscretion on June 4," because "no one could curb a wit as sharp as marble was splendid."—This was the Public Schools Volunteer field-day.—Dr. Wace, Principal of King's College, was married to Miss Schmitz, the Vice-Principal of the Ladies' Department of the College.—Canon Wilberforce was installed Canon of Westminster, and Canon Hoare, of Tunbridge Wells, died.—Twelve passengers were killed in a railway accident which occurred between Bilbao and Lezama.—Señor Arce, ex-President of Bolivia, has been assassinated.—The highest price (£11,000) ever realised by auction for a picture in England was bid at Christie's by Mr. Charles Wertheimer for Sir Joshua Reynolds's portrait of Lady Betty Delmé and her children. Another portrait by Sir Joshua sold for £7500.—The Prince of Wales's yacht, the *Britannia*, again beat the American yacht *Vigilant* on the Clyde.

**Sunday.** It is easy to understand how the strikers at Chicago have gained the ascendancy, for there are only 12,000 troops to meet 50,000 rioters. It is estimated that the destruction done to property already amounts to 6,000,000 dollars and that 1,000,000 dollars is daily lost in wages. To-night, however, the outlook was a little more hopeful.—Madame Carnot and her sons have got so many messages of condolence that they inserted a note in to-day's *Journal Officiel*, returning their heartfelt thanks to the senders, whom they cannot answer directly in every instance.—The Empress Eugénie and Prince Napoleon arrived at Windsor on a visit to the Queen.

**Monday.** A public meeting was held at the Guildhall, the Lord Mayor presiding, to pass a "congratulatory address to the Queen upon the birth of a royal prince."—The Prince of Wales distributed the prizes at the Royal Hospital School, Greenwich, and the Duke of Cambridge inspected the Household Cavalry, the 8th Hussars, and a battery of the Royal Horse Artillery on Wimbledon Common.—The first school built by the London School Board—that in Old Castle Street, Whitechapel—came of age to-day, and to commemorate the event Mr. Diggle, the Chairman of the Board, delivered an address to the masters, mistresses, and children. The average attendance in the first year of the school's life was 200; it is now 1286.—The Bisley Rifle Meeting, the thirty-fifth of the Association, opened to-day.—A new outlet has been found for Australian meat, the Austrian War Office having decided to give it a trial with the army. A shipload, packed in ice, has arrived at Vienna in excellent condition.

In connection with the Bisley Meeting, the South-Western Railway Company are issuing until the 21st inst. (inclusive) cheap tickets to the general public from their London stations to Brookwood and Bisley. Cheap tickets are issued to Volunteers, available to 22nd inst. Through trains will run from Waterloo to and from the Camp Station. In addition, there will be a service in connection with ordinary and special trains from and to Brookwood.

## NOTE.

The *Sketch* will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the "Illustrated London News" Offices, World Buildings, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, and Adelaide.

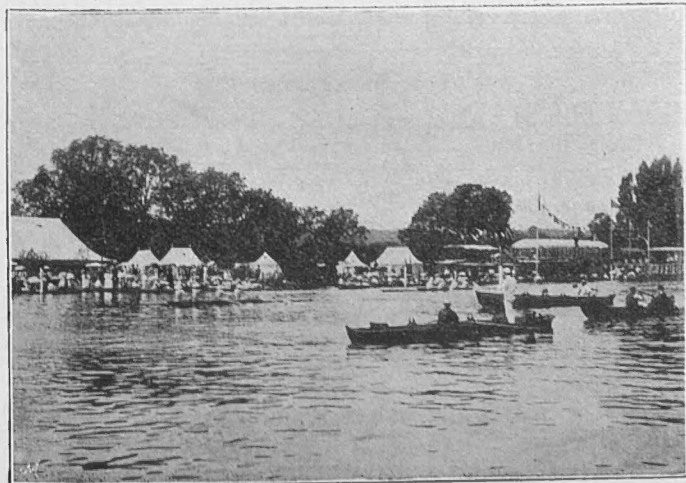
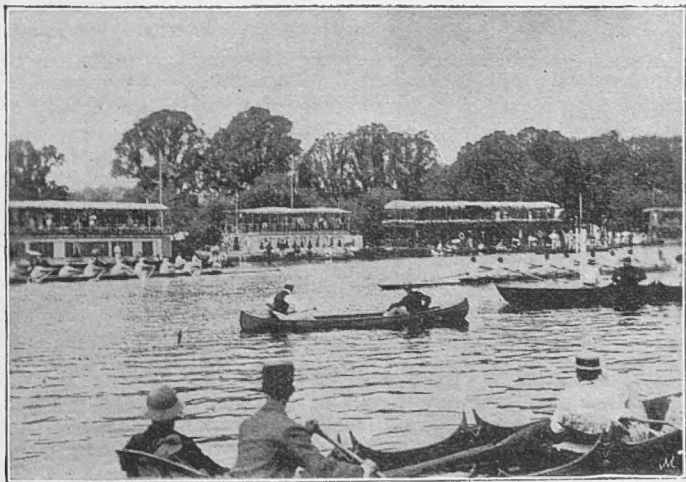
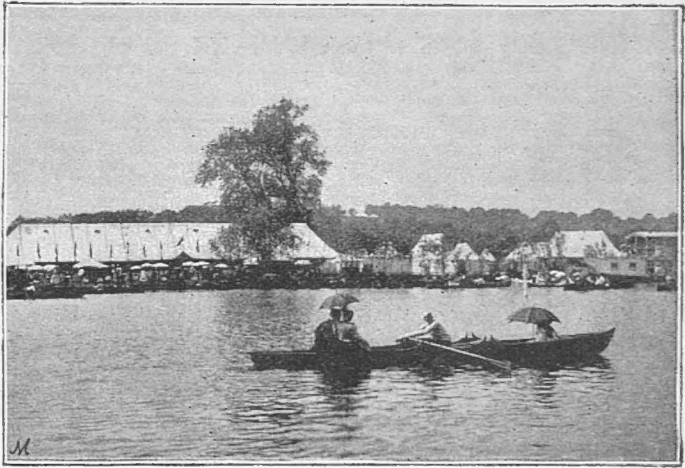
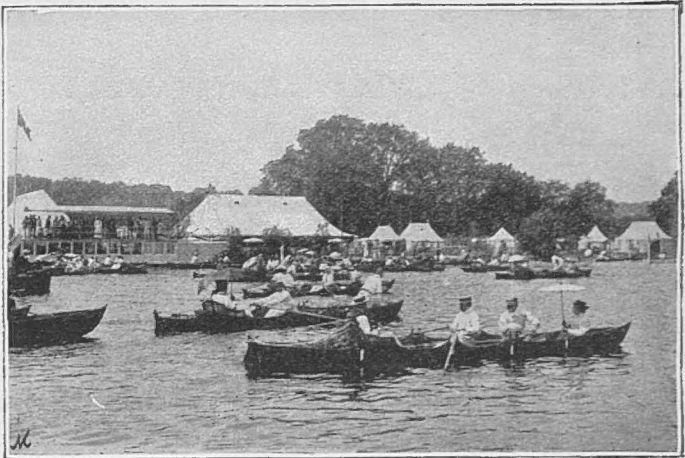
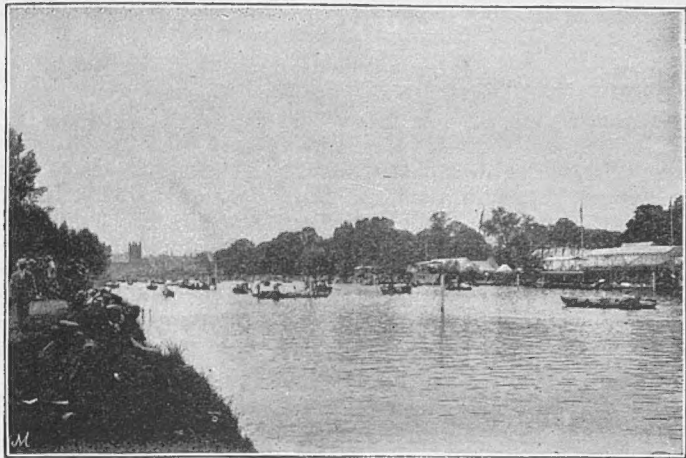
## TO AUTHORS AND OTHERS.

It is particularly requested that no further poems or short stories be sent to *The Sketch*, as the Editor has a supply sufficient to last him well into the twentieth century.



A T H E N L E Y.

*From Photographs by Messrs. Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.*





**HAYMARKET THEATRE.—MR. TREE,**  
Sole Lessee and Manager.  
EVERY EVENING, at 8.30, a Play of Modern Life, A BUNCH OF VIOLETS. By Sydney Grundy.  
LAST WEEKS OF THE SEASON.  
Box-office (Mr. Leverton) open 10 till 5. HAYMARKET THEATRE.

**EMPIRE.—TWO GRAND BALLETS.** At 7.40, THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME; and at 10.45, LA FROLIQUE. Grand Varieties. An entirely new series of Living Pictures. Doors open at 7.30.

**OLYMPIA.—TWICE DAILY.—CONSTANTINOPLE.**  
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BEAUTIFULLY ILLUMINATED GARDENS.  
MODERN CONSTANTINOPLE, WITH ITS PALACES, SHOPS, BOATS, &c.  
TURKISH REGIE CIGARETTE FACTORY IN FULL WORKING.  
ARABIAN NIGHTS TABLEAU. THE MOORISH HAREM.  
BANDS OF DAN GODFREY (JUN.). ROUMELIAN GIPSY BAND.  
IMPERIAL HUNGARIAN BAND.  
HALL OF 1001 COLUMNS. TURKISH CAIQUES PROPELLED BY TURKISH BOATMEN.  
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Express Trains, with Through Lavatory Carriages, leave London (Euston) daily for Cambrian Line. 6½ hours' journey to Aberystwyth during the season.  
Weekly and Fortnightly Tickets every Saturday by 8.15 a.m. Special from Euston and 8.10 a.m. from Paddington to Aberystwyth, &c. Fares, 21s. and 22s.

**QUICK CHEAP ROUTE to DENMARK, SWEDEN, and NORWAY, via HARWICH and ESBJERG.**—The Steamers of the United Steamship Company of Copenhagen sail from Harwich (Parkerston Quay) for Esbjerg every Monday, Thursday, and Saturday, after arrival of the Train leaving London, Liverpool Street Station, at 9 a.m.; returning from Esbjerg every Tuesday, Wednesday, and Saturday, after arrival of 9 a.m. Train from Copenhagen. Return Fares: Esbjerg, 53s.; Copenhagen, 50s. 3d. The service will be performed (weather and other circumstances permitting) by the Steamships Koldinghuus and Nidaros. These fast Steamers have excellent accommodation for passengers and carry no cattle. For further information, address Tegner, Price, and Co., 107, Fenchurch Street, London, or the Continental Manager, Liverpool Street Station, E.C.

## LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY. A FORTNIGHT IN NORTH WALES. WEEKLY EXCURSIONS, COMMENCING JULY 7.

EVERY SATURDAY DURING JULY, AUGUST, AND SEPTEMBER, CHEAP EXCURSION TRAINS will leave London (Euston) 8.15 a.m., Broad Street 7.25 a.m., Dalston Junction 7.30 a.m., Highbury 7.34 a.m., Kilburn 8.10 a.m., Richmond (North London Railway) 7.49 a.m., Mansion House (District Railway) 7.9 a.m., Victoria (District Railway) 7.24 a.m., Kensington (Addison Road) 7.42 a.m., Willesden Junction 8.25 a.m., &c., for Shrewsbury, Rhyl, Corwen, Abergelle, Colwyn Bay, Llandudno, Conway, Penmaenmawr, Llanfairfechan, Bangor, Bettws-y-coed, Llanrwst, Blaenau Ffestiniog, Llanberis (for Snowdon), Carnarvon, Welshpool, Llanidloes, Dolgelly, Barmouth, Towyn, Aberystwyth, Cricketh, Pwllheli, Portmadoc, Harlech, Newtown, Oswestry, &c., returning on the following Monday, Monday Week, or Monday Fortnight.  
For fares and full particulars see small bills, which can be obtained at any of the Company's Stations or town parcel receiving offices.  
London, July, 1894. FRED HARRISON, General Manager.

**MIDLAND RAILWAY.**  
EXTENSION OF DINING ARRANGEMENTS  
in the  
SCOTCH EXPRESSES.  
FIRST AND THIRD CLASS DINING CARRIAGES  
(for the service of LUNCHEONS, TEAS, DINNERS, and other Refreshments)  
are now running on  
BOTH MORNING AND AFTERNOON EXPRESSES  
between  
LONDON (ST. PANCAS) AND GLASGOW (ST. ENOCH)  
at the following times—

DOWN.			UP.		
	a.m.	p.m.		a.m.	p.m.
LONDON (St. Pancras) ... dep.	10.30	2.10	GLASGOW (St. Enoch) ... dep.	10. 0	1.30
Nottingham ... ..	11.37	4.37	Liverpool ... ..	arr.	3.50
Leicester ... ..	12.30	2.50	Manchester ... ..	"	3.50
Sheffield ... ..	1.18	5.32	Bradford ... ..	"	3.35
Leeds ... ..	1.55	6.28	Leeds ... ..	"	3.40
Bradford ... ..	2. 0	6. 3	Sheffield ... ..	"	4.30
Manchester ... ..	1.50	5.45	Nottingham ... ..	"	4.50
Liverpool ... ..	1.40	5.45	Leicester ... ..	"	6. 0
GLASGOW (St. Enoch) ... arr.	7.35	11.25	LONDON (St. Pancras) ...	"	7.20
	p.m.	p.m.		p.m.	p.m.

Connecting Trains are run from and to Derby, Birmingham, Cheltenham, Gloucester, Bristol, &c.  
MORNING EXPRESSES.—TABLE D'HÔTE at 12.30 p.m. and 6 p.m.  
AFTERNOON EXPRESSES.—LUNCHEON immediately after departure. TABLE D'HÔTE at 7.20 p.m. on the Down and 6.30 p.m. on the Up Journey.  
See Special Bills issued by the Company.  
SPECIAL PUBLICATIONS FOR THE HOLIDAYS.  
HANDY POCKET GUIDE TO THE MIDLAND RAILWAY. Price 3d. POCKET TOURIST GUIDE TO THE HOLIDAY RESORTS IN THE BRITISH ISLES. Illustrated. Price 3d.  
LIST OF FURNISHED LODGINGS IN FARMHOUSES AND COUNTRY DISTRICTS served by the Midland Railway System. Price 1d. These Guides, as well as Time-Tables, Tourist Programmes, American and Continental Folders, and other publications, may be had on application at the Midland Stations and Agencies, to the Superintendent of the Line, or to Derby, July, 1894. GEO. H. TURNER, General Manager.

**ANTWERP EXHIBITION, via Harwich.** Cheap Return Tickets, First Class, 30s.; Second, 20s. Every week-day by the G.E.R. Company's twin-screw Steamships. Cheapest and best route to Belgium, Brussels (for Waterloo), and the Ardennes, Switzerland, &c.  
HOOK OF HOLLAND route to the Continent, via Harwich, daily (Sunday included). New twin-screw Steamships Amsterdam (1745 tons), Berlin (1745 tons), and Chelmsford (1635 tons). Passengers leave London (Liverpool Street Station) at 8.30 p.m. Direct service to Harwich, via Lincoln or Peterborough and March, from Scotland, the North, and Midlands, saving time and money. Dining Car from York. HAMBURG by G.S.N. Company's Steamships, Wednesdays and Saturdays. Combination Tickets and Tours to all parts of the Continent. Read "Walks in Belgium," price 6d., at all Bookstalls. Particulars at 61, Regent Street, W.; or of the Continental Manager, Liverpool Street Station, E.C.

## A WARNING.

It has come to the knowledge of the proprietors of this journal that reports have been circulated to the effect that charges are made by them for the insertion of portraits. They beg to state in the most emphatic terms that no such charges have been made by them, and they will be glad to hear of any overture of this kind having been made to anyone by persons purporting to represent *The Sketch*.

In connection with the new Polar expedition, which will be dealt with at greater length in next week's issue, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Harmsworth gave an "At Home" at the Grafton Galleries to meet Mr. Jackson and the other explorers. Among the guests were Prince Radziwill, the Danish Minister, the Earl of Dundonald, Lady Hothfield, the Earl of Yarmouth, Lord and Lady Huntingdon, Lord Northbrook, Sir Robert and Lady Emily Peel, Lord Aberdare, Sir Lepel and Lady Griffin, Viscount and Viscountess Parker, Lord and Lady Waterpark, Viscount Doneraile, Sir George Thomas, Sir William Broadbent, Sir Douglas Galton, Sir Leopold McClintock, Admiral Sir Erasmus Ommanney, Viscount and Viscountess Mountmorres, Sir William and Lady Ingram, Mrs. W. K. Clifford, Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, Mrs. Louise Chanler Moulton, and Professor Seeley.

## A LIGHT DIET.

MR. BACKBAY: "And these are the Esquimaux. Their country is so cold that it is said they will eat candles in order to keep themselves warm."

EMERSON BACKBAY (astonished): "Father, what do they eat to ignite them with?"

## NOT TO COUNT.

MAY: "Is that lovely Mr. Rivers Ide a married man? And to think you never told me!"

ADA: But he isn't a married man, my dear; his wife's in the country.—Puck.

LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.  
**SPECIAL TRIP ROUND THE ISLE OF WIGHT.**—Saturday, July 14.—A First and Second Class Special Fast Train will leave Victoria 9.30 a.m., Clapham Junction 9.35 a.m., and West Croydon 9.50 a.m. for Portsmouth, connecting there with a Special Steamer for a trip round the Isle of Wight, returning in time for the Up Special Fast Train at 6.15 p.m. Fares, Train and Steamer: First Class, 12s. 6d.; Second Class, 7s. 6d. Tickets may be taken at the Victoria Station, or at the General Inquiry and Booking Offices, 28, Regent Street, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square, on and from the preceding Monday.  
(By order) A. SARLE, Secretary and General Manager.

**SOUTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.—NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION MEETING at BISLEY.**—EVERY WEEK-DAY, from July 10 to 21 inclusive, SPECIAL CHEAP RETURN TICKETS, including Tramway and Admission to the Camp, will be issued by all Trains from Waterloo, Vauxhall, Queen's Road, Clapham Junction, Kensington (Addison Road), West Brompton, Chelsea, Wimbledon. Return Fares: First Class, 5s.; Third Class, 3s.; available to return on the day of issue only.  
CHEAP TICKETS will also be issued to BROOKWOOD or BISLEY to Volunteers in uniform or bearing arms, from all Stations on this Company's system, available up to July 22, but for one journey only in each direction.  
THROUGH TRAINS TO AND FROM THE CAMP will leave Waterloo at 11.35 a.m., 12.40 p.m., 2.17 p.m.; and from Bisley Camp at 6.35, 8, and 8.30 p.m.  
On SUNDAY, July 15, Cheap Return Tickets, 4s. First Class, and 2s. Third Class, will be issued to BROOKWOOD from Waterloo, &c.  
The CAMP TRAMWAY runs in connection with Ordinary and Special Trains to and from Brookwood.  
Any further particulars can be obtained on application to G. T. White, Superintendent of the Line, Waterloo Station, S.E.  
CHAS. SCOTTER, General Manager.

## MR. MURRAY'S LIST.

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Letters written during a tour in Australia, New Zealand, and North America in 1893. By the DUCHESS of BUCKINGHAM and CHANDOS. With Portraits and Illustrations from the Author's Sketches, &c.

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JOHN MURRAY, Albemarle Street.



## THE CASE OF THE THREE-VOLUME NOVEL.

## A SACRED INSTITUTION THREATENED.

There is one thing about us which the observant Frenchman and the intelligent American can never quite understand, and that is our three-volume novel. After being here and about for a little time, they contrive to get a grip, in a general way, of most of our institutions. If it ever occurs to him to think of the matter at all—and there's no reason why he should trouble himself about anything—the average Briton would probably regard the possibility of ever being without the three-volume novel as curious, strange, as some sort of upheaval. To the non-average Briton—that is, the more than average Briton—who is always essentially the patriot, the faintest whisper of a death-knell some day for the three-volumer would seem the direst kind of vandalism.

Yet to anybody who has an outlook on the world of books somewhat from the inside there have not been wanting signs and portents to indicate that the position of the three-volume novel might be challenged, and, as a result of the action of the two great circulating libraries, that day has practically arrived. The proposals of the two libraries are as follow—

## Messrs. Mudie propose—

I. That after Dec. 31, 1894, the charge to the library for works of fiction shall not be higher than 4s. per volume, less the discount now given, and with the odd copy, as before.

II. That the publishers shall agree not to issue cheaper editions of novels, and of other books which have been taken for library circulation, within twelve months from the date of publication.

The directors have no wish to dictate to the publishers, but, in making these suggestions, they point out the only terms upon which it will be possible in the future to buy books in any quantity for library use.

## Messrs. Smith propose—

I. That after Dec. 31 next the price of novels in sets shall not be more than 4s. per volume, less the discount now given, and with the odd copy as before. You will please observe that the date we name for the alteration of terms is fixed at six months from the end of this current month, in order that your arrangements may not be affected by the suggested alterations.

II. In respect of the issue of the cheaper editions, and the loss to us of our market for the sale of the best and earlier editions of novels and other works, through their publication in a cheaper form before we have had an opportunity of selling the surplus stock, we propose that you be so good as to undertake that no work appear in the cheaper form from the original price until twelve months after the date of its first publication.

It might be thought a safe assertion that during the past ten years the three-volume novel has grown markedly in numbers. That is a natural enough assumption, because the river of three-volumers in the lists of "Books Received To-day" seems to be so endless. We have to remember, however, that ten years ago there were not on every hand lists of "Books Received To-day," that then, with a very few exceptions, literature, and especially fiction, did not get anything like the publicity it is getting now. Thus, the impression which we get, that there must be more three-volume novels published now, is natural—almost inevitable, indeed. But it is wrong; statistics show it quite wrong. In the year 1883, thirty more three-volume novels appeared than in 1893, and forty more than in 1892; in fact, saving last year, which showed a slightly upward tendency again, there has been a decrease in the yearly number of three-volumers ever since 1884. True, the decrease has not been large from twelvemonth to twelvemonth, but it has been consistent. In some measure, the resort occasionally to the two-volume form would explain it, but it may also be taken that some novels which aforetime would have been pegged out into three bindings have been incontinently squeezed into one. Certainly, the explanation must lie between the two, because it is absurd to suggest for a minute that less fiction, measuring it *in toto*, is being written now than was written ten years ago. Thus, what we get to is a greater bulk of fiction, but a slight paring down of the quantity which appears in three-volume form. That has gone on without observation, a sort of natural law working along quietly, for the book world, like other worlds, has its natural laws. For everything the crisis comes, as now.

Now, why, merely on the merits of the thing, should novels be issued in three volumes instead of in one? It is not so in France, nor in America, and the literatures of these countries are the most nearly allied to ours. Moreover, strangest of all, it is not so in Greater England across the seas. It never comes within the philosophy of a publisher to send three-volume wares to the Colonial market. No; and for an entirely simple reason. The Colonial is a considerable book reader, often an avaricious novel reader, but he would never dream of paying thirty-one and sixpence for a novel. And, of course, the circulating library is not the great organisation with him that it is with us. He has not a Mudie's or a Smith's; such as these are found nowhere but here. Inevitably we come back to this—that the three-volume novel is an accompaniment of the circulating library, almost part and parcel of it. The three-volumer can flourish only under the wing of the great circulating library, like a plant of ivy growing up the trunk of a tree. When a notable three-volumer is published in London, the people of Australasia and America get it at the same time in cheaper form. We read our fiction on loan; they buy theirs, for the most part. One would thus expect to find the circulating libraries vehement advocates of the three-volume novel—at least, the average man, reasoning on surface cause and effect, would expect that. Once, surely, it must have been so; certainly it is not so now, as everybody knows from what has just happened.

Be a three-volume novel what it may, a circulating library must

have some copies—one at the very least. It would be the same with any book having a shadow of a claim to interest. Very well; it costs the libraries five or six times as much to buy a novel in three-volume form as it would cost to buy it in one volume. Suppose, by any chance, the novel has a "boom," and because of that all the subscribers want to read it. They must be supplied, and, in order that they may be supplied, any number of copies of the book have to be bought. That means a large outlay, and the "boom" may have worked itself out in a month's time. Then the library is left with loads of the precious three-volumer, and only the most trifling amount will be realised for the copies when sold secondhand. Even when a few copies only are bought, the same rule applies; it is a far heavier expense than if it had been a one-volumer. In addition, a book in a single volume will always bring a fair return secondhand. There is a market for it; there is none, or hardly any, for the three-volumer. The three-volume novel, therefore, involves immense expense, and, however it may have been once, the libraries now question the adequacy of the return. If the circulating libraries would welcome the fall—say, the comparative fall—of the three-volumer, whose interest is it to keep it up? Beyond mere custom, not the interest of the mass of readers, who could get their fiction all the same at the libraries in single volume, or they could buy it. There are two interests—the author's and the publisher's. Both obtain most return for a novel in three-volume form; the price allows a good margin to go upon. So it is the author, the publisher, and the tradition and custom of years, supported, in a measure, by the very nature of the circulating library—an unwilling support now—it is these that make the foundation on which the three-volume novel rests.

## WHAT MR. HALL CAINE THINKS.

The author of "The Scapegoat" is to be the scapegoat of the novelists who publish in three volumes, for his publisher, Mr. Heinemann, is having Mr. Hall Caine's new story, "The Manxman," issued from the first in a one-volume edition of 20,000 copies. Luckily, Mr. Caine was in town—for he occasionally varies his delightful life at Greeba Castle, in the little island of Man, with a visit to London—and I thought it best to call on him to hear his views on this subject, not because he depends on the three-volume issue of his books—he can command serial rights, that are far more valuable—but because he is the first to take a new step in the present crisis.

He started historically with the subject, reminding me that there was nothing inherent in the novel which demanded its appearance in three volumes. "Clarissa," for example, originally came out in eight, and the Waverleys, "Vanity Fair," "The Cloister and the Hearth," "Middlemarch," "Daniel Deronda," "Lorna Doone," and "The Woman in White," to take a few other examples, are all longer than the average novel of to-day, and some of them appeared first in more volumes than three. But we live in hastier times, and have become impatient of the slower methods, while the aim of the novel has veered from the delineation of character to the evolution of incident. At the same time, there are advantages in the three-volume form to everybody concerned. By reason of its large profits and small sales, it helps young authors into existence, and it gives a chance to books that are doubtful in point of merit or excess of originality. The librarian likes it because it can be broken up into sets; the reader, because it is easy to read, and because more than one member of a family can go on reading it at the same time; while publishers hold that it gets better reviewed than a one-volume issue does. On the other hand, it has its disadvantages. It impedes the progress of the successful novel—first, because all unsuccessful three-volume novels reduce the chances of the successful one, and the libraries make the existence of the unsuccessful novel possible. In the second place, the three-volume novel has gathered about it some doubtful business customers in the shape of publishers who undersell, and it is said that there exists two or three privileged houses that can sell to at least one of the libraries from 100 to 150 copies of any three-volume novel they produce.

"But a crisis has come," continued Mr. Caine, "which none of us can ignore."

"And its genesis? Is it a struggle for the introduction of the shorter story?"

"Not at all; the reasons are purely commercial. To begin with, there is the general depression in trade. Again, by the so-called 'booming' of certain books which have really no permanent value, an artificial demand is created for a novel, which the libraries have to stock themselves with, and are in the end unable to sell. Even when a book is a genuine success, some publishers issue a one-volume edition immediately on the head of the three-volume one, and the libraries are thereby unable to sell off their surplus stock."

"Hence the libraries' circulars?"

"Yes; but notice that these are not exactly alike. Messrs. Mudie, you will see, practically demand obedience, for they point out that their terms are the only ones 'upon which it will be possible in the future to buy books in any quantity for library use.'"

"Can you give figures in refutation of the circulars?"

"No; that is a publishers' matter. But let me say in general terms, however, that the price offered is too low for the production of the three-volume novel. Printer, publisher, and author can't be properly paid out of it."

"They will all suffer?"

"Not very likely. The printer can't be sensibly reduced in his



terms; the publisher won't be if he can help it. It is the author who will suffer most—and most directly."

"But cannot the authors recoup themselves in the long run between the price received for serial rights and by the one volume issue?"

"Yes, the successful ones; but what of the unsuccessful ones? You see, there are two classes of novelists. By successful ones I mean those who are strong enough to have a far greater public than library subscribers—those who can run their stories as serials, and also command a large sale in one-volume form. I should put down the number of such writers at a score. But think of that larger class who may be called unsuccessful in view of the fact that they never get beyond the three-volume stage—that is to say, they write for the library subscribers exclusively. If the libraries cut down the profits of this class, which numbers about a hundred, and is composed largely of ladies who earn their living in this way, they practically wipe such authors out."

"And why not?" I ask.

"Well," said Mr. Caine, sympathetically, "it is cruel."

"Then that class of novelist will disappear, you think? How will the successful writer fare?"

"Well, he, too, will suffer in two ways. A successful novelist who can earn £500 by the three-volume edition of his book is willing to put back the one-volume issue for six, nine, or twelve months; but the moment you reduce his earnings to £250, as would ensue were the circulars successful, it will no longer be worth his while to publish in three volumes at all: that is to say, the successful novelist not only has his earnings cut down, but he is debarred from recouping himself speedily by the proposed condition that he is not to publish in one-volume form within a year."

"Then, the successful novelists will go direct to the public with a one-volume issue, as in France and America?"

"That seems extremely probable."

"But why shouldn't successful authors publish for themselves?" I ask in parenthesis.

"Well, for my own part, I am quite satisfied with Mr. Heinemann, whose spirit and enterprise are greater than my own."

"And how do you think this will affect the libraries?"

"That depends on their attitude to the one-volume book. Thus far the publishers say that they have 'starved' it; but if now, recognising the crisis, they 'spread' themselves on the one-volume book, it will take the place in the libraries of the old three-volume issue."

"But if the libraries do not?"

"Then the public will recognise that they are kept open for the cheaper and inferior three-volume novel, and that the book to be read is to be found only at the bookseller's. I hope," added Mr. Caine, who was very far from being a partisan on the subject, "that the libraries will recognise this, both for their own sakes and ours?"

"But the publishers may fight?"

"Yes; but only with success if they have the absolute certainty that they have got the three-volume novels that the public will insist on having."

"And can they have such an assurance?"

"No; it is not possible to predict the fortunes of any novel, for merit is not an absolute and unfailing criterion. Chance counts for so much."

"Then, Mr. Caine, if you are dissatisfied with the libraries' proposal, while still holding that they have cause for revolt, what are your own remedies?"

"Well, in the first place, a remedy lies in the libraries themselves, and they might have availed themselves of it ere now. They could deal vigorously with their enemies the 'boomers' by exercising a sort of literary censorship for themselves, by refusing to take the rubbish of the privileged publishing houses and by dealing cautiously with books rushed into notoriety by questionable people. They could have used this remedy without issuing their circulars. Again, since there is nothing inevitable in the three-volume edition, why not adopt a cheaper form, say, two volumes? I should also propose that all the three parties concerned in their production—author, publisher, and librarian—should bear the burden alike. There must be a recognised price. The great merit of the artificial figure of 31s. 6d. was that the author knew exactly where he stood, though the publisher, owing to the non-unionist spirit of his trade, has never known where he has been. But break down this standard, without setting up another, and the author will have no means of knowing what his earnings are to be."

"Then, does the life of the three-volume novel depend on the results of this struggle?"

"So far as the books of the successful author are concerned, yes. Already I know of two novels intended to appear in the orthodox three-volume form which will now appear from the first in one volume." And here Mr. Caine corroborated the rumour I had heard that "The Manxman" was to start its life in book-form in this way, and I elicited from him the welcome information that Mr. Wilson Barrett, who was so successful with "Ben-my-Chree," the stage version of that powerful tragedy, "The Deemster," is to dramatise "The Manxman," producing it at Leeds, and taking the powerful part of Pete. Altogether, the novel will be an epoch-making book.

Mr. Caine sent me away quite happy by declaring, in his refreshingly optimistic way, that, in his opinion, the libraries will give a very hearty welcome to the first efforts at establishing the novel on a healthy, natural basis.

Let us wait and see.

J. M. B.

## THE PLAY AND ITS STORY.

### "MIRETTE," AT THE SAVOY.

Mirette is not a young lady to whom I should care to confide my heart and fortune, though she had a very pretty dowry in her face; for the gypsy seemed to possess none of the characteristics that fascinated Borrow, or rendered the little sweetheart of Harry Richmond attractive. Her heart was as nomadic in its habits as her race, and Picorin, who secured her hand at the end of the piece, seems as insecure in his tenure as the Irish peasant proprietor in the olden days. Whether by the laws of Flanders or the "Egyptian" community he could, in the event of misfortune, claim that compensation for disturbance which juries used to give in England in cases of trespass "*de uxore rapta et abducta*," or actions for "criminal conversation," as the case might be, I cannot say.

She was queen of the gypsy band commanded by one Francal, though the question whether she actually had Zingari blood is doubtful, for she was found by the wanderers "lying alone by the way" when a babe. However, she had not a strawberry-mark on her left shoulder, nor any of the other *indicia* of rank accepted in comic opera; moreover, she is left undisturbed in her lowly estate quite to the end of the play. Yet she declared that she "was never intended for this wandering life, this life of robbery." All the unmarried men of the band fall in love with her—I do not pretend to speak of the feelings of the married—and pressure was put upon her to choose among them and restore peace. She proved to be undecided. To Picorin she said that though she did not love him she would have him; but he was wise enough, despite his love for her, to decline the tempting offer. Anon there came through the wood Gérard, the son of a wealthy Marquise, and he saw Mirette lying asleep under a tree. He fell in love with her in less time than it takes me to say so, and when she awoke she followed suit promptly. Fortunately, Gérard was a good young man, or Mirette was a wise maiden, and no harm came. He took her home to his mother, who showed a surprising charity, and made her a sort of lady-companion for her son; while Picorin was put into livery, and had the joy of offering his heart or a plate of biscuits to Mirette at any hour of the day.

Now, it chanced that the Marquise had already arranged a marriage for her son with Bianca, daughter of Baron Van den Berg, an old admirer of hers. The young lady liked the situation of *fiancée*, but, of course, the young man did not feel grateful to his worthy mamma. The Marquise perceived that Mirette stood in the way of her plans, and so formed the brilliantly-stupid plan of humiliating Mirette by compelling her to dance and sing in her forest garb before Bianca and the guests who came to the betrothal feast. Consequently, Gérard refused to sign the marriage contract. Mirette and Picorin left the *château* and set up in business as juggler and dancer, and she, after some weeks of his society, decided that she preferred the bird in the hand to the aristocrat in the bush; but he was too stupid to perceive that she proposed that he should propose to her.

Bianca, of course, had a trying time; for, since she had not even the pride of a cockchafer, she clung to the hope of wedding the man who had snubbed her. Therefore, she sought out Mirette, and asked her to be so good as "to choke off" Gérard. The girl, who "had no further use" for Gérard, consented, and when she found him in the neighbourhood arranged that he should see Picorin making love to her and kissing her. Immediately Gérard fell in love with Bianca, on the principle that lawfully-acquired gains are the sweetest, and so everyone got married, and the parson had his fees.

"A poor thing" is the plot, and none of the writers can call it "All my own." Indeed, even Mr. D'Oyly Carte has circulated a printed note, which shows several of the impossibilities of the English language, to tell us that it is "not too exciting or absorbing," and, bitterly as I dislike accepting a manager's view about his production, I cannot contradict him. One is disposed to fancy that M. Michel Carré was desirous to "draw it mild" in writing the plot. However, he might have "frothed it up" a little more.

Fortunately, it happens that the music is pretty. M. Messenger also has "drawn it mild," has avoided originality with success, and kept clear of humour. Those who knew and admired "La Basoche," who thought that his music in "Séaramouche," the Palace Theatre ballet, showed a charming sense of fun, were disappointed, and had to content themselves by protesting truly that "Mirette" is daintily written, shows the hand of a thoroughly-trained musician in every bar, and is notable throughout for the skill of the orchestration.

Perhaps at present Miss Maud Ellicott's voice rather lacks richness of tone, but it is clear and true, and used exceedingly well, and she dealt admirably with some very ungrateful passages. Her acting showed a surprising skill for one of such little experience, and, speaking selfishly, I regret her determination to leave the stage after "Mirette's" run is over. The mounting of the third act, with its village fair scene, was very clever, and the forest picture of the first act was pretty, but the gorgeous second scene showed sadly how little one can do with so much money.

Miss Brandram hardly found scope for her gifts, yet, nevertheless, used them conscientiously, and with success. Miss Florence Perry "made a hit" in one song, which she sang very prettily. Mr. Walter Passmore, albeit extravagant, did some useful low-comedy work, and Messrs. Courtice Pounds and Scott Fishe sang and acted very well, without making a deep impression on the house.

The applause, for once in a way, was not untainted by sounds of disapproval, and it is to be feared that the house prefers the "old firm" to the Anglo-French combination.

MCNOBLE.



## A CHAT WITH THE NEW SAVOY PRIMA DONNA.

Photographs by Lafayette, Dublin.

After reading with curiosity that "Mirette" was at a standstill for want of a representative of what the learned would call the "eponymous" heroine—"name-giving" would do just as well—and that Miss Marie Tempest and Miss Lillian Russell, to say nothing of the brilliant and strangely-neglected Miss Aida Jenoure, had been in the running and got out of it or retired, I was very curious about Miss Maud Ellicott when



MISS ELLICOTT.

her name was announced. I was much intrigued—to use a convenient French word—for the name was new to me, though I have for a long time seen everything in London. "Is she an old favourite, popular before my time, or a really new recruit?" That was what I asked myself, and I went to Woburn Square to find out.

The "old favourite" theory was dropped as soon as I saw her. A young, pretty girl, not the maid "with a bosom of snow," as the song says, but as "brown as a berry." I do not know what berry has such a lovely tint: I wish I did, for her clear, rich, brunette complexion is delightful. The undiscerning poet would compare her eyes with the gazelle's, forgetting that the creatures, which I never loved, have not a glow of intelligence and vivacity in their eyes. As for her gleaming teeth, a study of the "Century" Dictionary, of Roget's "Thesaurus," Crabbe's "Synonyms," &c., has still left me without adequate epithets.

She was sitting on a sofa, in a prettily-made dress of French-grey *crêpon*, with a *veston* and sleeves of guipure, and amber-coloured *bretelles* of silk, and, though the heat made the very furniture perspire, she looked so cool that the sight of her was as refreshing as an ice.

"You will have a hard task," she said, "for I've nothing to tell: have I, Arthur?"

Arthur was a good-looking young solicitor from Leeds—my heart, as a semi-briefless barrister, warmed towards him—and his place in the story is that, two days after the first night of "Mirette," he is to marry Miss Ellicott, and rob the stage of her after the run of the piece. I hastily assured her that the interviewer comes in search of impressions, not facts.

"Yes—no; I was born in Calcutta, and have lived there nearly all my life, but my father was pure English—and my mother? Well, my mother's father was Scotch, and his wife was a native. How did I become a professional? It happened, you see, that, last year, Mr. Clement Scott saw me and heard me in 'Iolanthe,' played by amateurs for a charity in Calcutta. He suggested that I should go on the stage. I had already studied in England, under Mr. W. H. Cummings and Max Heinrich at the

Royal Academy. I came over to England last autumn, partly with the idea of studying, partly, too, with Mr. Scott's advice in my ears and his letter of introduction to Mr. D'Oyly Carte in my pocket. So I went to Mr. Carte."

"Came, were seen, and got an engagement?"

"Well, he was very kind: let me replace Miss Nancy McIntosh for three nights at the Savoy, and then sent me on tour with his 'D' Company as Princess Zara, heroine of 'Utopia, Limited.' I sang in half-a-dozen big cities—Dublin, Liverpool, Manchester, and Birmingham among them. A success? Well, the papers spoke kindly and the people applauded warmly, so I suppose I was."

"I venture to think that you do not suffer from stage-fright?" I observed. My remark was made because she looked as cool as a chameleon, and seemed destitute of nerves—of nerves that may tell on anyone and dry up the mouth and dull the memory, and make even a Lola Montes rush off the stage, fly the kingdom, and indulge in a mixed assortment of marriages, rather than face the footlights again.

"You mean that I look quite self-possessed even before an interviewer from *The Sketch*? Well, I don't see why one should be nervous if one knows one's work—at least, not very nervous. No; I rather like acting, though, of course, I've done very little. Dancing? Do you mean stage-dancing? I love drawing-room dances, but stage-dancing, I've been told, is very bad for the voice."

She certainly was correct on that point, though Miss Letty Lind, whose singing improves steadily despite her dancing, seems to contradict the law. I remember Madame Armand Ary, who in dancing had some of the piquant personal charm that renders Miss Jenoure delightful, telling me that she meant to give up the use of her legs, as it injured her voice.

"Oh! but I love music, particularly light-opera music, such as *Messenger's*, though I have been most successful on the concert platform in Calcutta. Do I love England? Rather! Why, I've made up my mind to live here, though I've no friends here except—"

"Except the British public and Mr. Arthur Willey?"

"Well, the London public has not given its verdict, and—"

"And when you apply for it to-night I should not care to be in your shoes—though I should much like to be able to get into them." At this moment a lady came in to call and condole, or congratulate, or—anyhow, to have the pleasure of kissing her and holding her hand: so I sat "mum" on the sofa, wondering whether I need ask Miss Ellicott any more questions. The *fiancé* came up and suggested a drink, a bottle of what our American cousins call "white wine." With scorn I refused to be bribed, but, the sunshine came in fiercely, and the rays of light seemed made up of little red-hot brickbats. I had a thirst that in winter I could have sold for a dollar, so, after resolving to confess in print, I gave way and drank hearty success to the pretty Anglo-Indian girl who was to face me when I sat in the seat of judgment a few hours later. s.



MISS ELLICOTT.



## MISS ELLA CHAPMAN.

Miss Ella Chapman is a smart little American actress, yet an almost naturalised Englishwoman by reason of her intimate acquaintance with the London stage. Indeed, one might go further and style her a complete cosmopolitan, for her dancing, her banjo-playing, and her resourceful inventiveness in her art make her welcome wherever she appears. As the child of a half-brother of Joe Jefferson, she early breathed a dramatic atmosphere at Wallack's Theatre, and had the advantage of Lesta Wallack's tuition in her first part of the little boy in "La Femme Benoiton." Then, taking a jump in her profession, she played Dan Dinny in "Cinderella" with Ford's company, and for two seasons took part in a variety of burlesques with her sister, who, by-the-way, became Mrs. Ford. Miss Chapman's first appearance on this side of "the herring-pond" was when she took Miss Alice Atherton's part in "Bluebeard" at the Folly, under the late Mr. Alexander Henderson, who re-engaged her to play Piff-Paff in "Robinson Crusoe," with banjo accompaniment, while her step dancing proved a distinct success. On her return to America, Miss Chapman joined Miss Lydia Thompson's company, with which she stayed a few



Photo by Hana, Regent Street, W.

MISS ELLA CHAPMAN.

months, and then transferred her services to Mr. Rice's star company, scoring heavily wherever she appeared as Sally in the "Babes in the Wood" throughout the States. London then again attracted her, and at the Royalty, in "Pluto," she, as Charon, ferried her passengers across the Styx to the twang-twang of the banjo. Then, when Mr. Charles Harris "bossed" her Majesty's, she reverted to her old character of Dan Dinny, and on Miss Minnie Palmer's forsaking the glass slipper of Cinderella Miss Chapman fitted it on with ease, and wore it with much grace, for her dancing has novelty in its style, while refinement is never absent. Her zeal in her profession seems to have engendered a nervous illness, which only rest and quiet could properly remedy, so that for some little time an hiatus occurs in her professional career. However, during the interval she happened on the ingenious idea of projecting on to her skirts by limelight a variety of devices, in place of having them painted on, as Miss Loïe Fuller was wont to do. Miss Chapman's designs embraced the Four Seasons: daffodils and violets for Spring; roses for Summer; the vine for Autumn; and with holly, mistletoe, and a Christmas-tree for Winter. And she invented the Dance of Nations, representing, in coloured rays of light, the flags of various countries. Then one of those unaccountable coincidences occurred, for Miss Loïe Fuller had conceived the same idea, and, what is more to the point, got the start. However, Miss Ella Chapman has other projects in her curl-crowned little head, and meanwhile, till they are matured, thrums her tuneful banjo and sings the most pathetic of plantation melodies while she trips right merrily on the light fantastic toe.

## THE ACADEMY SOIRÉE.

There has long been a tradition in the back parlour that the Academy Soirée is one of the great festivals of the London season. Suburban curiosity has an unshaken belief that on this occasion it will be able to gaze at celebrity, to rub elbows with celebrity, to make leisurely notes of celebrity's gown. So at the head of the stairs a dense throng is massed behind the mournful figure which has stood there for hours on the fatigue duty of ceremonial observance.

"Poor dear Sir Frederick," says Selina. "He must be tired to death."

Selina is my niece. I have reached that time of life when slim young persons in white frocks rise suddenly, as it were, from the sea of your domestic affinities, take your arm in a familiar way, and make you understand that the happiness of nieces is the beginning of wisdom.

"Fancy having to stand there all this time," continues Selina, "shaking hands with celebrated persons!"

"And affecting to be overjoyed at the sight of persons who are not celebrated."

"Like you and me," says Selina, simply. There are times when I am not sure that the simplicity of this niece of mine is quite genuine.

"But, of course, you know," I remark, "that this image of languid elegance receiving the guests is not Sir Frederick Leighton at all."

"Uncle!" exclaims Selina. I can see in her eye the innocent wonder whether the champagne cup which we scrambled for in the refreshment-room just now was of more than academic potency.

"Bless you, Sir Frederick has been at his club or in bed this hour and a-half. The gentleman whose back view suggests to you the decline and fall of ancient empires is the plaster cast of a Greek god they keep on the premises for affairs of this kind. All they have to do is to dust him, put on a dress suit—oh, you needn't look so incredulous! I could show you the vacant pedestal which this understudy of the President's will return to when we have all departed."

Selina smiles faintly. I know she thinks I am speaking evil of dignitaries.

"Sir Frederick," I proceed, "has a great contempt for all formality. He likes to smoke a pipe with a friend over a quiet glass of grog. There's nothing of the master of the ceremonies about him. Do you see who that is shaking hands with the plaster cast now? That's Onslow Ford; he's a sculptor, so you can't palm off plaster on him. I'll wager anything that the cast is blushing violently, and Ford, as you observe, can scarcely keep his countenance."

"I observe nothing of the kind," says Selina. "Really, Uncle, you are too absurd. Who is the big man with the iron-grey tuft on his chin? He seems to be somebody."

"He is. He's the poet who accuses heaven and earth and the waters under the earth of conspiring to keep him out of the Laureateship. Don't be afraid of looking at him very hard; he likes it. Presently he will pose for you in doorways, and put his right hand into his waistcoat as if he were tickling his ribs with an inspiration. Poor man, it is the only solace for the world's neglect."

"But is there nobody better than that?" asks Selina. "I never saw so many ugly men; and how badly the women are dressed! I thought you said it was to be a great gathering of beauty and fashion and everybody worth knowing."

At this juncture we overhear a fragment of dialogue.

"Is Sarah Bernhardt here to-night?"

"No; she's not coming."

"Well, I thought I'd ask you, because you're the most likely man to know."

"The fact is," says the oracle, impressively lowering his voice, "she was coming, but she's changed her mind."

"You heard that?" I say to Selina. "She's changed her mind. Beauty and fashion and everybody worth knowing were coming to-night, but they've changed their minds. Let us go and have some more strawberries!"

By this time the suburban curiosity is really a pathetic spectacle. It is sitting in rows at the top and at the foot of the staircase which leads to the refreshment-room, and as every newcomer appears it gazes at him or her with a momentary gleam of hope that here at last is a celebrated person. In the room there is not so much mental tension. The thirst for celebrity is unquenched, but it is forgotten in the more prosaic desire for ices.

"There was a time," I explain to Selina, "when the quality of the Academy refreshments was not unlike the Academy art. I do not see so much stale cake as of yore, and the strawberries are not culled exclusively from the bottom of the basket. When people took refuge here from their disappointments upstairs, it was intolerable that there should be nothing fit to eat or drink. The British public may endure the absence of æsthetic satisfaction, but they insist upon being decently fed."

"To look at these people feeding, you would think they had starved for days," says Selina.

"My child, you must remember that many of them have paid their shillings this season to see the Academy pictures. They feel now that they are getting something like an equivalent for their money."

Selina makes a grimace of discontent. "How horribly material you are!" say she. "You promised me all the nice actors, and you stick me in a crowd of dowdy women and bald-headed men eating for dear life!"

It is a terrible thing to disillusion one's niece!

"Don't grieve, my dear. Next year, when we are coming to the Academy Soirée—"

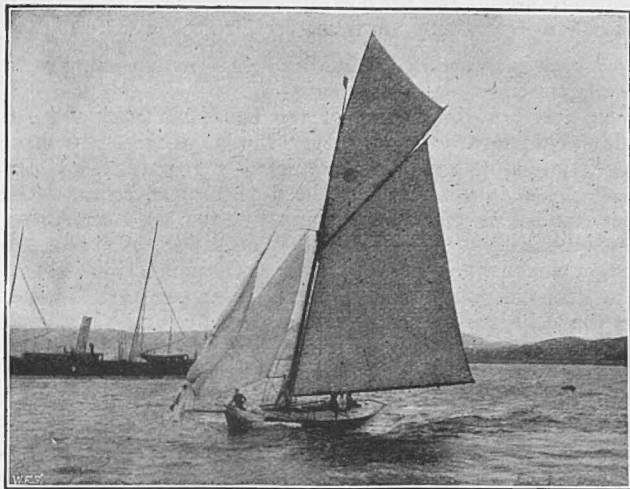
"I shall change my mind!"

L. F. AUSTIN.

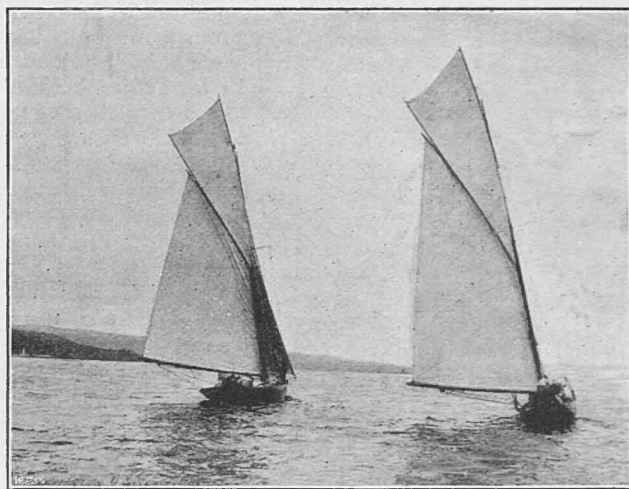


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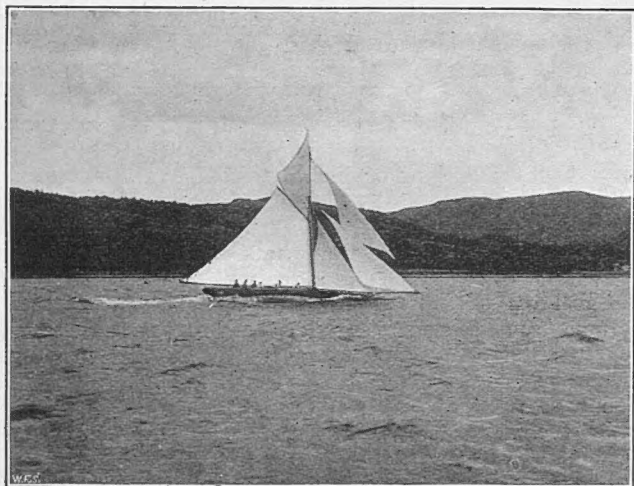
*From Photographs by Wilfrid Hunt, Glasgow.*



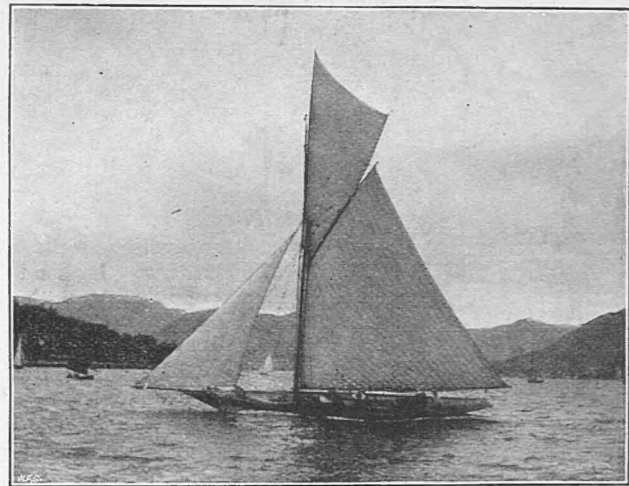
DORA.



PTARMIGAN AND MAIDA.



PHANTOM.

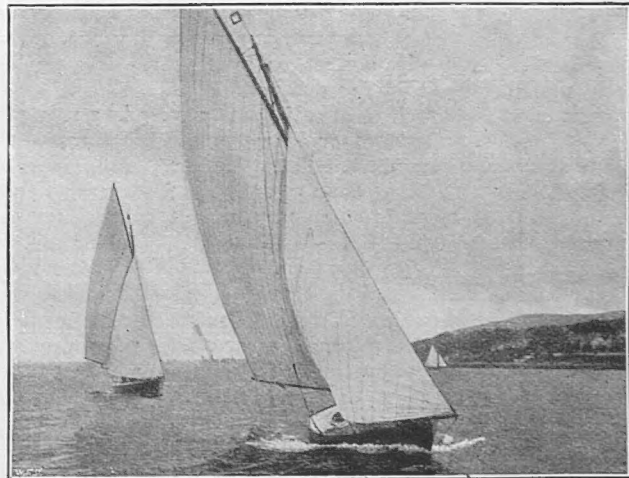


PTARMIGAN.

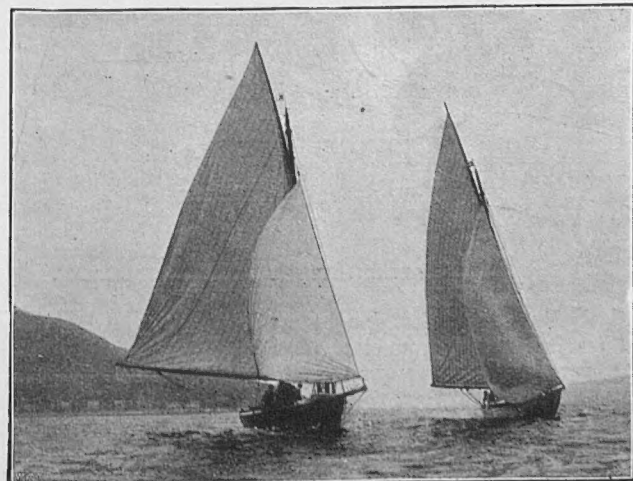
10-RATERS.



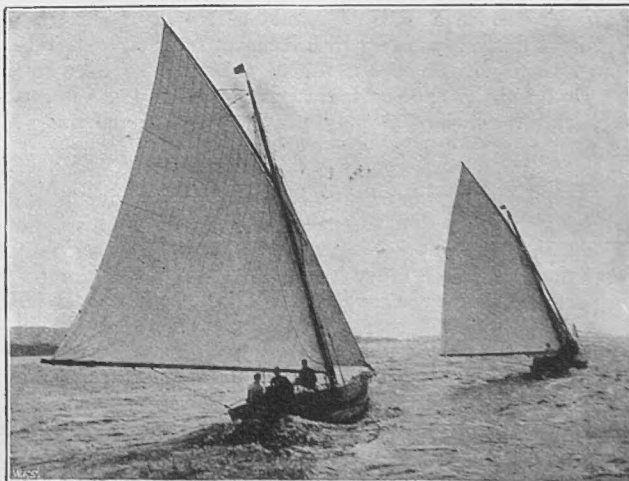
MAJEL.



THABER.



LA-LA AND FANTAN.



NORKA AND VIDA.

28-RATERS.



## NOTES FROM THE THEATRES.

In "A Modern Eve" Mr. Malcolm C. Salaman, apparently, is anxious to prove that a fallen woman is like Humpty Dumpty. The care and love of her husband, who forgives her elopement with another, the prayers of her mother, the warnings of her friends, and the dread of society are

powerless to set her up again as an honest woman. Perhaps it is not necessary to consider whether this is at all like a universal truth; indeed, the author has so far specialised his heroine as to make it seem that hers is the catastrophe of an individual, and not the outcome of a situation. Moreover, one can set against him that admirable play, "Le Supplice d'une Femme," in which it is shown, in the original version, that there is hope for those that stumble.

However, one must admit that Mr. Salaman's deduction is irresistible, and that the friend who tried to prevent the husband from giving her another chance was right. Such a woman as Vivien Hereford is the "bête" that aroused the famous "Tuez-la!" of Dumas fils, and one feels that the play is somewhat unsatisfactory in that the husband lets her go away with her lover. It is a piece which, despite the skill and able writing of the author, causes one to leave the

theatre in the state of mind felt by M. Sarcy after "La Visite de Noces": one has been forced to listen, has been painfully interested and suffers from a bad taste in the mouth. Personally, I prefer the bad taste to none at all, and I am very glad that a fellow critic, in writing a play, should have the courage of his opinion and make no concession.

We are likely to see "A Modern Eve" again, and when we do it will have gained by a little cutting of the clever conversation; then, whether the public, like the "first performance" audience, is pleased by the work, or feels that the atmosphere of it is somewhat asphyxiating, we, at least, shall be able to pass definite judgment on a play that has audacity, originality, and real gift for carrying out bold ideas.

The dramatist had the advantage of a brilliant cast. As a rule, when people invite us to spend lovely summer afternoons in the theatre, they are kind enough to see that the players do not hinder us from indulging in the sleep of the unjust. Mr. Salaman gave us Mr. Tree as meticulous Lothario, Mrs. Tree as a creature almost as amoral as the heroine of "La Confession de Claude," and Mr. Fred Terry for the husband, who has every quality save that of inspiring love. It was Miss Lottie Venne, the gay actress who has been called the Chaumont of the English stage, who caught the house. She presented a little woman, who, in opposition to the carpenter's or silversmith's rules, is veneer of deal on oak, or plate of silver on gold. The witty, just remarks of the true mother and wife who chose to pose as a woman of the world carried the play through some dangerous moments.

The influence of M. Jules Lemaître as dramatic critic has been so great as to cause one to be very curious about the drama that he has made out of his novel "Les Rois." His earlier "Mariage Blanc" seemed to me of far higher value than most of us admitted, and, to me, proved fascinating, despite a curious repulsion I felt to what seemed almost an irreverent dealing with a painful aspect of life. "Les Rois" neither in conception nor execution fulfils the promise of "Mariage Blanc." The first half is excellent indeed; the second act is original and brilliant; but afterwards the play proves decidedly commonplace, though at times there are fine pieces of work in it.

Despite inept stage-management, the scene in which a king who really loves his subjects—who is willing, if needs be, to abdicate in their interest—finds himself compelled to sanction the quelling of a riot by powder and shot is terribly touching, and will, I think, remain in my mind for a long time. On the other hand, when one finds him philandering with a petticoat Anarchist, and sees him shot by his justly jealous wife, the name George Ohnet seems as pertinent as that of Lemaître. In this scene, strange to say, there is nothing to show whether the wife means to kill her husband or her rival. Madame Bernhardt might almost be described as "resting" during the greater part of the piece, and even the vivid confession in the last act does not render the part worthy of her. As the old King, M. de Max gave a very picturesque performance, while M. Guitry, as the hero, and M. Deval, as his brother, acted very well.

It may be my duty to write about the triple bill at the Avenue

matinée, but a feeling of gratitude to those who enabled me to pass a tranquil afternoon disarms me. I have a recollection of vowing vengeance on the author of "The New Life," and intending to say something epigrammatic about "The Depths of the Sea"—something which took advantage of the title and suggested that the sea never sank so low—but the soporific influence of the *matinée* was too great, and I can only express a hope I may never see the pieces in winter.

There is no doubt that M. Bruneau—perhaps one should say M. Louis Gallet, since he wrote the book—had a splendid subject in the famous Zola tale that forms one of the collection, "Les Soirées de Médan," which contained the wonderful "Boule de Suif," the first work of poor Guy de Maupassant that attracted the public. Unfortunately, the subject has, in some respects, been poorly handled, and the treatment of the last act is feeble. I do not like to hear much firing on the stage, but can hardly accept a battle that occurs noiselessly a few yards off, or be convinced when a group of tidy German soldiers rush on the stage, waste time in killing an old man, and disappear as the French soldiers enter on the O.P. side—enter, and then form a group, without making an effort to pursue the enemy. However, there are some effective scenes in the earlier parts, so something like a balance is established. M. Bruneau's music deserves close discussion, for which I have no room this week. It is curious, interesting, very beautiful, rather ugly, decidedly powerful, even great at times. A substantial advance is shown on "Le Rêve," and I am inclined to think that "L'Attaque" is the most successful effort yet made to carry on the Wagner method. Madame Delna, as Marcelline—a character not in the original tale—proved to be very able both as singer and actress. The Merlier of M. Bouvet, despite a strong *vibrato* in his singing, was a clever piece of work; Madame de Nuovina, as Françoise, was decidedly effective. I should much like to hear "L'Attaque du Moulin" again.

MONOCLE.

Some of the fair denizens of Mayfair and Belgravia sang and played for the benefit of their sisters in Whitechapel at a concert organised by Lady Ramsay of Banff, which attracted Mr. Gerald and Lady Betty Balfour, the Countess of Strathmore, and a crowd of West-End music-lovers to Chelsea Town Hall last Thursday. As a rule, charity covers a multitude of sins at entertainments given in its name, but to this rule Lady Ramsay's concert was a remarkable exception. One sense was charmed with the beauty and grace and dainty attire of the lady performers, among whom were Lady Ramsay and her talented young daughter, Lady Cynthia Graham, sister of the Duchess of Leinster, and the Countess of Strathmore's daughter, Lady Maud Bowes-Lyon, who gave a beautiful rendering of Svendsen's Romance for violin, while the sense of sound was gratified by music as good as one generally hears at a first-class concert. Lady Ramsay, the beautiful young stepmother of the lady senior classic who is now the wife of the Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, appeared in the double capacity of composer and vocalist, taking some of the soprano solos in her cantata, the performance of which was conducted by Sir John Stainer. Lady Ramsay's well-trained voice was also heard to advantage in Browning's charming verses, "The Year's at the Spring," and Shelley's "Music when soft voices die," which have been set to music



"A MODERN EVE," AT THE HAYMARKET.

by Lady Ramsay's eldest daughter, who inherits the double gift of beauty and musical talent from her mother. The accompaniments of these songs revealed a degree of musical ability quite remarkable, considering the age of the composer, who is little more than a school-girl, and who, if she fulfils her promise, should help to remove the stigma against her sex of having scarcely any representative in the ranks of musical composers. Miss Ramsay contributed greatly to the success of the concert by her brilliant playing of the pianoforte accompaniments.



## SMALL TALK.

The Queen is expected to leave Windsor for Osborne at the end of next week, and will remain in the Isle of Wight until Friday, Aug. 24, when the Court proceeds to Balmoral. Her Majesty will leave Windsor Castle at a quarter past ten for Osborne, and, travelling by special train to the Clarence Yard, Gosport, will cross to the Trinity Pier, East Cowes, in the royal yacht *Alberta*, which has just completed her refit.

By command of the Queen, the Windsor uniform has been worn both by members of the Royal Family and by the household in waiting at the various functions which have recently taken place at Windsor Castle. The somewhat eccentric attire was the invention of George III., and is both ugly and unbecoming. The Windsor is quite different from the ordinary household uniform or the full dress of a Privy Councillor, though it is sometimes mistaken for the latter.

The Prince of Wales is to pay a Saturday-to-Monday visit to Baron Rothschild at Waddesdon Manor, Bucks, before he leaves town for the season. He is particularly fond of this beautiful country seat, which was highly admired by the Queen when she honoured the M.P. for Aylesbury with a brief visit. The Prince will go from Goodwood to Cowes, where he is expected to arrive on the evening of Friday, Aug. 3, and he will live on board the *Osborne* during his stay in the Solent, which will not exceed a fortnight, as the Prince wishes to get to Homburg early in August.

The German Emperor is now expected to arrive in English waters in time to attend the Goodwood Meeting. During the Emperor's stay in the Solent the Queen will give two dinners at Osborne House in his honour. His Majesty does not much appreciate elaborate banquets, greatly preferring plain, substantial dishes, and having no taste for "kickshaws." His favourite beverage is beer, and at home his only regular table wines are the Affenthaler and Markgräfler, which are grown in Baden, and Wolporzheimer, which comes from the valley of the Ahr—first-rate wines, which are almost unknown in England. The Emperor occasionally likes a glass of some really first-rate Rhine wine, but he does not care for champagne, and, if obliged to drink a sparkling wine, always selects a Moselle.

The Czarevitch is delighted with his visit to England, and would much like to prolong his stay, but it is doubtful whether this can be arranged. His amiability and *savoir faire* have most favourably impressed all those with whom he has been brought in contact, and his great likeness to the Duke of York has also been much commented upon. In these days of Anarchists and assassination, a close resemblance to the Czarevitch is not altogether a thing to be hankered after. The authorities at Scotland Yard will be relieved of an immense responsibility when the heir to the throne of Russia quits our shores. An enormous amount of extra duty has devolved upon the London detective force, notwithstanding the fact that a small army of Russian agents have been quartered in London since the arrival of the Czarevitch.

During his stay in London, the Archduke Francis of Austria occupied the Belgian Rooms at Buckingham Palace. These apartments were originally arranged for the use of the late King Leopold of Belgium whenever he came to England. The rooms command a delightful view over the gardens of the palace, and afford the perfection of luxury and comfort.

Personal observation at Streatham, the other afternoon, where I journeyed to see the Royalties open the new buildings of that admirable charity, the British Home for Incurables, confirms me in my opinion that the Princess of Wales retains her place as the popular idol of the multitude. Mingling among the crowd who waited to see their Royal Highnesses drive away, I heard every other person talking of her; they all seemed waiting to see her, they were charmed with the graciousness of her acknowledgment and delighted with the youthfulness of her appearance; indeed, I heard one enthusiastic lady exclaim that "the dear Princess didn't look a day older than when she saw her land on Gravesend Pier in 1863." This was probably an excusable exaggeration, but I can, without flattery, assert that she looked almost as young and a thousand times more charming than her two daughters, who sat *vis-à-vis* to their illustrious parents.

Writing to me from Paris, a young American lady who is staying in that Yankee paradise makes a rather interesting comparison between the sombre decorations of that city at the death of President Carnot and those of New York at the time of President Garfield's murder in the summer of 1881. Says she: "Paris has, in my opinion, been almost indecent in her lack of wearing mourning for poor Carnot. There is certainly, here and there, a little crape, but that seems all. I remember, when President Garfield was shot, how almost every house and shop and church was clothed in black and white, and nobody thought of wearing colours. Here they are selling Carnot's portrait for thirty centimes in front of every *café*, and that, they appear to think, is all that is demanded of them." I daresay my fair friend is right about the mourning for Garfield, for I remember, when Lincoln was assassinated, how Whitman wrote of "the cities draped in black, with the show of the States themselves as of crape-veil'd women standing."

It was a large and enthusiastic audience that turned out on June 28 to see the *tableaux vivants* produced at a *matinée* at the Lyric Theatre on behalf of the Victoria Hospital for Children. The backgrounds of the pictures were not quite satisfactory, for the mounting of such pictures at the Palace, the Empire, and elsewhere has made people not very easily pleased. But the ladies were lovely. Miss Hilda Hanbury looked impressive as "The Spirit of the Summit" in Sir Frederic Leighton's picture; while Miss Ella Daniel figured in the President's "Invocation," and Miss Ivy Dacre in the Hon. John Collier's



Photo by P. Dickens, Stoa Street, S.W.

MISS ELLA DANIEL AS THE ANGEL IN THE TABLEAUX OF  
"KING ROBERT OF SICILY."

"A Decoy." Mrs. T. B. Kennington posed for the picture "Disillusioned," by her husband, who was responsible for the *tableaux*; and quite a host of people appeared in the *tableaux* illustrating the story of King Robert of Sicily, Miss Ella Daniel appearing as the angel. There was some charming singing to enhance the attractions of this entertainment, Miss Helen Pettican, in particular, achieving a great success among the vocalists who rendered generous service. Mrs. Albert Parker also appeared.

Pitlochrie, where the Grand Old Man is enjoying the glorious views and delicious air some 350 ft. above the sea-level, is charmingly situated on an eminence above the river Tummel, surrounded by well-wooded hills, behind which on the north side rises the grand mass of Ben Vracky, some six or seven miles distant. Near Loch Tummel, some eight miles distant from the village, beyond the Bridge of Garry, is the celebrated "Queen's View," which commands the loch itself with its forest-clothed headlands; while in the distance is the peak of Schiehallion, which Aytoun's spirited ballad has made familiar to many who have never had the luck to behold its glories. This is not the first time Mr. Gladstone has enjoyed the beauties of this lovely spot, and, I believe, on a former occasion he expressed a hope that he might one day pay the delightful Highland village a longer visit. The Countess of Aberdeen has joined the party, which also includes Mr. George Armitstead and Miss Helen Gladstone. They intend to remain at Pitlochrie for about a month.

An American religious paper publishes an article on Professor Drummond. The Professor, though he has attained the comparatively mature age of forty-three, and is a great favourite with ladies, has never married. His biographer says that it is understood that fair hair and blue eyes are indispensable possessions in the lady of his choice. These are not extravagant demands,



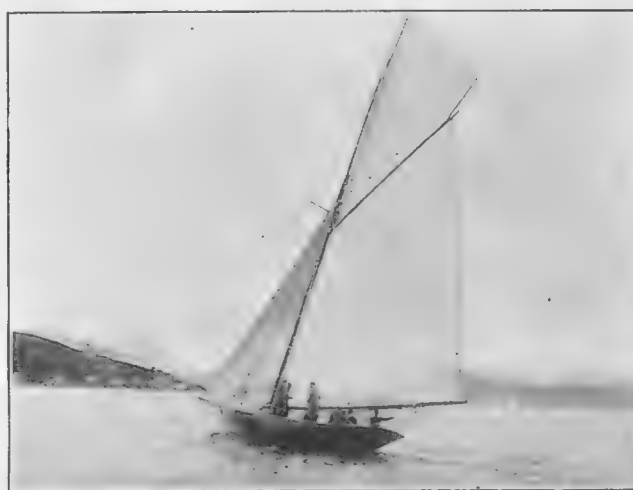
Those of my readers who remember their "Odyssey" must be familiar with the words of comfort spoken to Ulysses by the daughter of Alcinous, who told him that Zeus gave every living man some share in the beer and skittles of existence. Last week, after many weary delays, my good time came, realising the truth of the remarks of Miss Nausicaa. I had received an invitation to captain an eleven of old boys against the school over whose cricketing destinies I used to preside some time in the eighties. Of course, I went without caring one atom for the fact that I had not handled a bat for over a year. The weather was just as it should have been, as bright as new electro-plate, but tempered with a cool breeze: the wicket was splendid, the band above the average, the attendance large, and pretty faces plentiful. Some of the old boys were in good form, and the school team never had half a chance. All this was good, but there were better things to follow. Some tennis, just as the evening was getting cool, the pleasant reunion with numerous old school-fellows, the spread given at the psychological moment, when I thought another five minutes' absence from food would cause my

is simply marvellous compared with that which obtains in the newspapers of other nations; the *Standard*, especially, is most carefully read. The *Daily Chronicle* is, in my opinion, the journal in which "literals" are constantly noticeable. The infrequency of errors in matter which, of necessity, is extremely speedily composed is nothing short of marvellous. Every writer of any standing is delighted to acknowledge his indebtedness to the able men who are ever alert to detect mis-spellings or mis-statements. Mr. James Payn, the other day, in complimenting a reader of his far from legible manuscript, said wittily that his friends preferred his "telegram hand." Mr. George Gissing's writing is as microscopic and careful as that of any living author, and gives little trouble, but almost requires the compositor to wear magnifying glasses.

What promised to be one of the most exciting yacht races of this or any other season ended ignominiously last Thursday. The *Satanita* collided with Lord Dunraven's *Valkyrie*, and the latter sank immediately. The "Clyde fortnight" opened brilliantly on the 3rd, the four most



ZINITA.



IDALIA.



WINDWARD.



VELZIE.

SOME CLYDE YACHTS: 20-RATERS.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILFRID HUNT, GLASGOW.

premature death, and, finally, a dance, when there was nothing to think about but the pleasures of the day that had just passed. Even if the unwonted exertion made a wreck of me for the following twenty-four hours, I could suffer without complaining. The recollection of such a day makes me wish I could return to the dear old place for every summer term, and sacrifice the delights of town and the iniquity of small and early hours for the benefits of cricket, tennis, swimming, and kindred enjoyments.

Last week I counted more misprints in the daily press than ever before. The warm weather, perhaps, was the cause of this unwonted sleep of the gods who so often save writers from the errors of their carelessness. In the *Standard*, the reply of her Majesty the Queen to the Address presented by the House of Lords, relative to the assassination of the French President, made her say "I shall take cake," instead of "care." On another page of the same issue Chopin's "Funeral March" was twice attributed to 'Schoppen,' and M. Plançon was quite hidden under the name bestowed on him. A mechanical error, caused, doubtless, by the hurry in setting the obituary notice of Sir Henry Layard, made the third paragraph in the *Times* read in the most extraordinary fashion. The literary accuracy of our daily press in London

important yachts on the spot being the *Valkyrie*, the *Vigilant*, the *Britannia*, and the *Satanita*. In the race on the first day open to twenty-raters, the *Zinita* carried everything before her. The *Velzie*, of which I also give an illustration, at one time belonged to Admiral Montagu, and the *Idalia* and *Windward* are well known to yachtsmen. While on this topic, let me commend that handy little book, "Andrew Thompson's Yachting Guide" (Thames Yacht Agency, 50, Pall Mall), which has been issued for the fourteenth year in succession. It contains all sorts of information to everyone who wants to take an intelligent interest in this delightful department of sport.

Mrs. George Alexander could not have made a happier choice of a place for her party than the Grafton Galleries. I felt that I was joining the revels in a baronial hall, where the family portraits of "Fair Women" smiled upon the hostess, the most sparkling ornament of them all. There was a notable gathering of the dramatic world, headed by Mr. Irving and Miss Ellen Terry; but most notable was the spirit of *bonhomie* which the popular manager of the St. James's and his charming wife diffused through the assembly, so that everybody was in the highest good humour. The party to which one goes with alacrity, and which one leaves with reluctance—it is not often one meets that party now!







A good deal of criticism was directed upon the loving cup with which the Prince of Wales set in motion the machinery for opening the Tower Bridge. It certainly seems a strange selection to be made, but possibly the novelty of it would appeal to the Prince, whose collection of keys must be enormous. Marlborough House must, in this respect, be a veritable House of Keys, while the trowels with which his Royal Highness has laid innumerable foundation-stones would serve to rebuild the walls of the City. As to the artistic workmanship bestowed on the cup, only one opinion could be expressed: it was charming, and did the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths' Company, Regent Street, great credit. The machinery was gracefully and immediately started by means of the cup, which will form a quaint memento of the great occasion.



In recording the ceremony of the opening of the Tower Bridge, "Atlas" makes a suggestion which recalls a notable artistic episode, and hints at its repetition. When Waterloo Bridge was opened, in June, 1817, Constable took the opportunity, as we all know, to immortalise

the scene of the function by one of his most brilliant and striking pictures. This work has frequently reappeared in recent years at occasional exhibitions, and nobody who has seen it can fail to remember the shining impression of gay colour mingling with gay colour, of silver water and sunlit sky, which are the chief beauties of this extraordinary work. "The ceremonial of the other day," suggests "Atlas," "and the splendid light should tempt some of our present impressionists to break a mahlstick with their great prototype, John Constable, R.A."

The quality of pictures bought by amateurs is at the best of times subject to grave risks, for very many reasons. First, I have come to the conclusion that the average man who has money to spend on pictures lacks a critical mind; secondly, the average man who has the well-balanced critical mind lacks the necessary money to spend on pictures. I have often had the wishy-washy picture collections of friends proudly displayed to me, and have several times given offence by my outspoken opinions of their demerits. I confess that the picture purchaser labours under divers difficulties. If he follows his own lack of taste, he will go wrong; and if he reads and follows the advice of art critics, he will be miserable, because art critics only write as they do because they seldom purchase pictures. I have often been puzzled to find out how some of my friends could ever have been guilty of choosing select pieces of the canvas that decorates their rooms, and but for my friend the art dealer I should still have been in difficulty. He, however, set me right by calling the other day to show me an order he had received from his most generous patron, a man rolling in money. It was a commission to procure six pictures to fit half-a-dozen rare old frames he had just purchased at a sale. The size and colour of each frame was given, and the rest of the business was left to my friend. And this order was from a man to whom artists look up with admiration and respect, whose visit to a studio sends a flutter into the artistic bosom, who never beats a man down in the matter of price, and is, in short, a respectable and responsible art patron!

During the absence of Mr. Maskelyne and his merry men from the Egyptian Hall, another popular favourite, Mr. George H. Snazelle, is catering for the public. His entertainment is first-rate in quality and quantity. The rage for living pictures is reflected in Mr. Snazelle's lantern slides, which delight the eye, while his voice pleases the ear. He recites admirably, the relation of "A Cokernutman's Yarn" being extremely effective and humorous. There is plenty of music in the programme, including pretty songs, well rendered by Miss Belinfante, and zither solos by Mr. Lewis. Anyone who desires an amusing and refined entertainment in the afternoon or evening will not be disappointed with Mr. Snazelle. As a punning Scot remarked of the proceedings, *it's na sell!*

Mrs. Babington Corr's afternoon party at the Continental Gallery, Bond Street, on the 3rd, attracted a smart and sufficient number of guests, notwithstanding rival temptations at Lord's and Streatham. First among the arrivals were his Eminence Cardinal Vaughan, Lady Spencer Clifford and Miss Clifford, Lady and Miss Blomfield, Admiral Blomfield, Colonel and Mrs. Hasketh-Smith, Lady and Miss Hart, Sir Edwin Arnold, Canon Harford, Mrs. and Miss Stanley Carey, Mr. Weedon Grossmith, General Blake, General O'Connor, Mr. Leslie Ward, and many others. Great interest was felt in the singing of Miss Florence Monteith, who had made a most successful *début* as Michaela at Covent Garden the night before. Chevalier Scovel, Mr. Walter Clifford, and Miss Rosa Green exploited a well-filled programme with great success, and Signor Rupert, in an impressive Eastern costume, predicted futures and fortunes with amazing volubility. The Gallery made a most interesting "Reunion Room," and the cool, white costumes of the Oriental Tea Association girls, as well as the huge blocks of ice on the refreshment tables, gave the "one thing wanting."

On the very last quarter-day my condition was pitiable in the extreme. Early in the afternoon I had a bad attack of landlord, which left me in an impoverished state. I was informed that the dead certainty on which I had pinned all my faith and spare cash had run fifth in a field of about half-a-dozen, and penury stared me in the face, which was very rude of penury. However, towards the evening I recovered, arrayed myself in war paint, and at 7.35 passed through the hospitable doors of the Empire. There the girl I had left behind me did me a great deal of good, and a chat with Madame Lanmer brought convalescence within reach. At 9.30 I hurried off to "Sita" at the Alhambra, and Mdle. Legnani's *pas seul* in the second *tableau* made me feel life was yet worth living. The ballet came to an end at 10.35, and just stopping to congratulate the evergreen M. Jacobi on his ninety-sixth triumph, I hurried across the road in time for "La Frolique." That completed my cure, and I was lost in wonder at the marvellous improvement in Mdle. Brambilla's dancing, on which I was compelled to comment somewhat severely in this paper a few weeks back. A few smiles from some of the many *coryphées* I love, and I returned to supper and smoke in one of my humble homes, a renovated ink-slinger. Such is the revivifying power of the ballet. By-the-way, I must not forget to mention that I saw Mdle. Vanoni for a moment, and that she asked me through the medium of *The Sketch* to say "Good-bye" to her many patrons, and thank them for the kindness with which they have received her during her stay in town.

On the second day of the Sandown Park Meeting my friend, the sporting man, turned up in high spirits and a dog cart. In vain I told him I was too good to attend races; he pointed to the luncheon basket, the gee-gee, and the cloudless sky, and told me that he was on two very good things indeed, and would make my fortune. It was the old story of the temptation of man. I only waited long enough to put on a straw hat, and half a moment later we were steering through the multifarious traffic of Piccadilly. What a glorious drive it was through Hammer-smith, Kew, Richmond, and Hampton Court! We travelled quickly, for we were late; but the beautiful course came in sight just as the second race was over, and as one of the sportsman's certain things came in a bad third he did not grumble. We drove on to the ground, and found it alive with colour and animation. The sportsman hurried into Tattersall's, but I remained where I was, and was content to listen to the raucous voices of the booking ones from afar off. In a few minutes the bell rang for the third race, and the gaily-clad jockeys cantered past to the post. A moment later, back came the sportsman, "Grong will win, old man," he said, and I listened to him and backed his choice. Down went the flag, off started the horses for their mile run, and the horse that carried my money romped in. We drank a glass of wine to the cause of temperance, the sportsman rushed back to draw his winnings and re-invest, and I remained to look after lunch.

Overshadowing in interest the long-expected appointment of Lord Russell to the Lord Chief Justiceship is the question arising from the succession of the new Lord Coleridge. Bernard John Seymour Coleridge is the eldest son of the late Lord Coleridge, and was born forty-three years ago. He was educated at Eton and at Trinity College, Oxford. He married, in 1876, a daughter of the late Dr. Mackarness, Bishop of Oxford. He was called to the Bar of the Middle Temple in the following year, and took silk in 1892. He was formerly Counsel for the Post Office on the Western Circuit, where his distinguished father practised so brilliantly. Mr. Coleridge entered Parliament as Liberal Member for the Attercliffe Division of Sheffield in 1885, and his resignation, caused by his succession to the Peerage, has caused considerable disturbance in the local politics. He has gradually won his way at the Bar as a painstaking advocate, with a very wide knowledge of political lawsuits. I heard the new Peer ably conduct the case of Mr. J. Havelock Wilson, M.P., against an evening newspaper. He had the assistance on that occasion of Mr. Corrie Grant, and against him was Mr. Edward Carson, Q.C., M.P. In legal circles the question raised by Mr. Chamberlain in the House of Commons as to the position of the new Lord Coleridge is being keenly discussed, as is also the opinion given by the Attorney-General on the right of a Peer to continue his practice. It is stated that for some time one member of the Peerage has had his name up as ready to undertake legal work for such clients as may desire to be represented by a barrister of noble birth.



LORD COLERIDGE.



## THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

## MARK TWAIN IN THE CLOUDS.\*

The reader of this sequel to "Tom Sawyer" will soon discover from the admirable pictures by Dan Beard that the volume is a humorous one. He will also find in its pages some new jokes which are very funny, and some old jokes, which may plume themselves upon the vitality of their age and their long and faithful service in the cause of man. A more unequal work never came from the pen of Mark Twain, nor one which is so provocative of a kind of irritation, the result of expectancy and the well-cherished memory of the Tom Sawyer of auld lang syne. Yet it is a book which every disciple of the American master must read, and must read because there are chapters in it which represent the humourist at his zenith, and combine most felicitously the charm of the author's own school and the burlesque of adventure, which is in a measure new.

The persons of the work are, as in the original "Tom Sawyer," three: Huck Finn, with his fine obtuseness; Nigger Jim, with his habit of asking plain questions, and Tom himself, who "takes adventures." Having discussed among themselves the possibility of promoting a crusade, they reject it as unprofitable, and Huck Finn even confesses that he does not know what a crusade may be.

"No," says he; "I don't. And I don't care, nuther. I've lived till now and done without it, and had my health, too. But as soon as you tell me I'll know, and that's soon enough. . . . There was Lance Williams; he learnt how to talk Choctau, and there warn't ever a Choctau here till one come and dug his grave for him. Now, then, what's a crusade? But I can tell you one thing before you begin: if it's a patent-right, there ain't no money in it."

Tom Sawyer, upon this, explains that a crusade is a war to recover the Holy Land from the Paynim, at which Huck Finn asks, "Which Holy Land?"

"Why, the Holy Land—there ain't but one."

The argument is convincing, but the good fate which watches over adventurers relieves the three from the necessity of disturbing the Paynim. They run against a crack-brained professor, who has, after the fashion of Jules Verne's prototype, designed an aerial dining-car; and they ascend with him to sail round the globe. Conveniently, if somewhat

vulgarly, the professor takes to the bottle when his machine is soaring above the Atlantic; and a balloon being obviously a poor place for a man who cannot walk upon a chalk line, the sequel is obvious. The inventor has a fall, and is left to swim back to Illinois, while the youngsters drift over Darkest Africa, and battle with strange adventures. In the Great



Sahara they are lionised at all hours of the day and night, and despite a little inconvenience resulting from immature waterworks, they manage to "have times." There are thunderstorms and sandstorms, adventures with slave-raiders, and a gratuitous attempt in the pure pathetic which narrowly misses success. For the matter of that, Mark Twain's descriptive power is not often appraised at its whole value. Some of the African scenes in this volume are quite admirable, and they atone for the note of melancholy which is characteristic of much of the humour. Others are a little wearisome because of their length, a fault which is in some measure to be laid against the whole conception.

After the adventures with the lions and the slave-raiders in the Great Sahara, the three boys come back to Egypt in the natural course of the wind, and pause only to make some commonplace remarks upon the Pyramids. Nigger Jim is lowered upon the head of the Sphinx, and is a convenient target for angry Egyptians, who wave their umbrellas at him, and make a demonstration with shot-guns. "Little nations," as Tom Sawyer remarks, "always pay indemnities," and the party determines to exact recompense from the financial granaries of the Khedive and an apology for the United States. After this they return swiftly to Illinois, where Tom's aunt, Polly, is "out in de porch wid her eye sot on de sky" waiting for him; and the burlesque romance closes aptly in the clouds—yet not before the reader has been compelled to some healthy laughter, and to many of those amazing philosophical deductions for which Mark Twain stands alone. In this instance, his moral apothegms are the best of his work, and he owes much to his artist.

M. P.

## THE CONTINENTAL TRAVELLER.

Mr. Oscar Wilde said, some time ago, that there were two books in every Englishman's household which he did not understand—Bradshaw and Shakspeare. The publication of a new railway guide is, it must be admitted, an event which excites little enthusiasm in the mind of the average man. The majority of such literary efforts succeed only in taking you where you do not want to go. They are a capital aid to losing trains and temper. The guide under notice is quite an exception to these. It is published, under the editorship of Mr. Snow, by the International Sleeping-Car and European Express Trains Company, and is written in a very simple and entertaining way. The apotheosis of luxury in travelling has been accomplished by this company, whose sleeping-cars are a model throughout Europe. With the aid of this handbook, which includes a list of fares to the principal cities in Southern Europe, the most timid of old ladies may safely venture from her native land, and the average man who is seeking to reach Rome will be in no danger of awaking on the top of the Righi. The various routes to the Riviera, to Constantinople, to Italy, to Germany, and even to remoter Russia, are laid down with the greatest clearness, and the whole book is so good that it may properly become the traveller's *Vade Mecum*.



## A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.



The first opinion given to me regarding Jacob Settle was a simple descriptive statement, "He's a down-in-the-mouth chap"; but I found that it embodied the thoughts and ideas of all his fellow-workmen. There was in the phrase a certain easy tolerance, an absence of positive feeling of any kind, rather than any complete opinion, which marked pretty accurately the man's place in public esteem. Still, there was some dissimilarity between this and his appearance which unconsciously set me thinking, and by degrees, as I saw more of the place and the workmen, I came to have a special interest in him. He was, I found, for ever doing kindnesses, not involving money expenses beyond his humble means, but in the manifold ways of forethought and forbearance and self-repression which are of the truer charities of life. Women and children trusted him implicitly, though, strangely enough, he rather shunned them, except when anyone was sick, and then he made his appearance to help if he could, timidly and awkwardly. He led a very solitary life, keeping house by himself in a tiny cottage, or, rather, hut, of one room, far on the edge of the moorland. His existence seemed so sad and solitary that I wished to cheer it up, and for the purpose took the occasion when we had both been sitting up with a child injured by me through accident to offer to lend him books. He gladly accepted, and as we parted in the grey of the dawn I felt that something of mutual confidence had been established between us.

The books were always most carefully and punctually returned, and in time Jacob Settle and I became quite friends. Once or twice as I crossed the moorland on Sundays I looked in on him; but on such occasions he was shy and ill at ease, so that I felt diffident about calling to see him. He would never under any circumstances come into my own lodgings.

One Sunday afternoon, I was coming back from a long walk beyond the moor, and as I passed Settle's cottage stopped at the door to say "How do you do?" to him. As the door was shut, I thought that he was out, and merely knocked for form's sake, or through habit, not expecting to get any answer. To my surprise, I heard a feeble voice from within, though what was said I could not hear. I entered at once, and found Jacob lying half-dressed upon his bed. He was as pale as death, and the sweat was simply rolling off his face. His hands were unconsciously gripping the bed-clothes as a drowning man holds on to whatever he may grasp. As I came in he half arose, with a wild, hunted look in his eyes, which were wide open and staring, as though something of horror had come before him; but when he recognised me he sank back on the couch with a smothered sob of relief and closed his eyes. I stood by him for a while, quite a minute or two, while he gasped. Then he opened his eyes and looked at me, but with such a despairing, woful expression that, as I am a living man, I would have rather seen that frozen look of horror. I sat down beside him and asked after his health. For a while he would not answer me except to say that he was not ill; but then, after scrutinising me closely, he half arose on his elbow and said—

"I thank you kindly, Sir, but I'm simply telling you the truth. I am not ill, as men call it, though God knows whether there be not worse sicknesses than doctors know of. I'll tell you, as you are so kind, but I trust that you won't even mention such a thing to a living soul, for it might work me more and greater woe. I am suffering from a bad dream."

"A bad dream!" I said, hoping to cheer him; "but dreams pass

away with the light—even with waking." There I stopped, for before he spoke I saw the answer in his desolate look round the little place.

"No! no! that's all well for people that live in comfort and with those they love round them. It is a thousand times worse for those who live alone and have to do so. What cheer is there for me, waking here in the silence of the night, with the wide moor around me full of voices and full of faces that make my waking a worse dream than my sleep? Ah, young Sir, you have no past that can send its legions to people the darkness, and the empty space, and I

pray the good God that you may never have!" As he spoke, there was such an almost irresistible gravity of conviction in his manner that I abandoned my remonstrance about his solitary life. I felt that I was in the presence of some secret influence which I could not fathom. To my relief, for I knew not what to say, he went on—

"Two nights past have I dreamed it. It was hard enough the first night, but I came through it. Last night the expectation was in itself almost worse than the dream—until the dream came, and then it swept away every remembrance of lesser pain. I stayed awake till just before the dawn, and then it came again, and ever since I have been in such an agony as I am sure the dying feel, and with it all the dread of to-night." Before he had got to the end of the sentence my mind was made up, and I felt that I could speak to him more cheerfully.

"Try and get to sleep early to-night—in fact, before the evening has passed away. The sleep will refresh you, and I promise you there will not be any bad dreams after to-night." He shook his head hopelessly, so I sat a little longer and then left him.

When I got home I made my arrangements for the night, for I had made up my mind to share Jacob Settle's lonely vigil in his cottage on the moor. I judged that if he got to sleep before sunset he would wake well before midnight, and so, just as the bells of the city were striking eleven, I stood opposite his door armed with a bag, in which were my supper, an extra large flask, a couple of candles, and a book. The moonlight was bright, and flooded the whole moor, till it was almost as light as day; but ever and anon black clouds drove across the sky, and made a darkness which by comparison seemed almost tangible. I opened the door softly, and entered without waking Jacob, who lay asleep with his white face upward. He was still, and again bathed in sweat. I tried to imagine what visions were passing before those closed eyes which could bring with them the misery and woe which were stamped on the face, but fancy failed me, and I waited for the awakening. It came suddenly, and in a fashion which touched me to the quick, for the hollow groan that broke from the man's white lips as he half arose and sank back was manifestly the realisation or completion of some train of thought which had gone before.

"If this be dreaming," said I to myself, "then it must be based on some very terrible reality. What can have been that unhappy fact that he spoke of?"

While I thus spoke, he realised that I was with him. It struck me as strange that he had no period of that doubt as to whether dream or reality surrounded him which commonly marks an unexpected environment of waking men. With a positive cry of joy, he seized my hand and held it in his two wet, trembling hands, as a frightened child clings on to someone whom it loves. I tried to soothe him—

"There, there! it is all right! I have come to stay with you to-night, and together we will try to fight this evil dream." He let go my hand suddenly, and sank back on his bed and covered his eyes with his hands.

"Fight it?—the evil dream! Ah! no, Sir, no! No mortal power can fight that dream, for it comes from God—and is burned in here;" and he beat upon his forehead. Then he went on—

"It is the same dream, ever the same, and yet it grows in its power to torture me every time it comes."

"What is the dream?" I asked, thinking that the speaking of it might give him some relief; but he shrank away from me, and after a long pause said—

"No, I had better not tell it. It may not come again." There was manifestly something to conceal from me—something that lay behind the dream, so I answered—

"All right. I hope you have seen the last of it. But if it should come again, you will tell me, will you not? I ask, not out of curiosity, but because I think it may relieve you to speak." He answered with what I thought was almost an undue amount of solemnity—

"If it comes again, I shall tell you all."

Then I tried to get his mind away from the subject to more mundane things, so I produced supper, and made him share it with me, including the contents of the flask. After a little he braced up, and when I lit my cigar, having given him another, we smoked a full hour, and talked of many things. Little by little the comfort of his body stole over his mind,



and I could see sleep laying her gentle hands on his eyelids. He felt it, too, and told me that now he felt all right, and I might safely leave him; but I told him that, right or wrong, I was going to see in the daylight. So I lit my other candle, and began to read as he fell asleep.

By degrees I got interested in my book, so interested that presently I was startled by its dropping out of my hands. I looked and saw that Jacob was still asleep, and I was rejoiced to see that there was on his face a look of unwonted happiness, while his lips seemed to move with unspoken words. Then I turned to my work again, and again woke, but this time to feel chilled to my very marrow by hearing the voice from the bed beside me—

"Not with those red hands! Never! never!" On looking at him, I found that he was still asleep. He woke, however, in an instant, and did not seem surprised to see me; there was again that strange apathy as to his surroundings. Then I said—

"Settle, tell me your dream. You may speak freely, for I shall hold your confidence sacred. While we both live I shall never mention what you may choose to tell me."

"I said I would; but I had better tell you first what goes before the dream, that you may understand. I was a schoolmaster when I was a very young man; it was only a parish school in a little village in the



*He half arose, with a wild, hunted look in his eyes.*

West Country. No need to mention any names. Better not. I was engaged to be married to a young girl whom I loved and almost revered. It was the old story. While we were waiting for the time when we could afford to set up house together, another man came along. He was nearly as young as I was, and handsome, and a gentleman, with all a gentleman's attractive ways for a woman of our class. He would go fishing, and she would meet him while I was at my work in school. I reasoned with her and implored her to give him up. I offered to get married at once and go away and begin the world in a strange country; but she would not listen to anything I could say, and I could see that she was infatuated with him. Then I took it on myself to meet the man and ask him to deal well with the girl, for I thought he might mean honestly by her, so that there might be no talk or chance of talk on the part of others. I went where I should meet him with none by, and we met!" Here Jacob Settle had to pause, for something seemed to rise in his throat, and he almost gasped for breath. Then he went on—

"Sir, as God is above us, there was no selfish thought in my heart that day; I loved my pretty Mabel too well to be content with a part of her love, and I had thought of my own unhappiness too often not to have come to realise that, whatever might come to her, my hope was gone. He was insolent to me—you, Sir, who are a gentleman, cannot know, perhaps, how galling can be the insolence of one who is above you in station—but I bore with that. I implored him to deal well with the girl, for what might be only a pastime of an idle hour with him might be the breaking of her heart. For I never had a thought of her truth, or that the worst of harm could come to her—it was only the unhappiness to her heart I feared. But when I asked him when he intended to marry her his laughter galled me so that I lost my temper

and told him that I would not stand by and see her life made unhappy. Then he grew angry too, and in his anger said such cruel things of her that then and there I swore he should not live to do her harm. God knows how it came about, for in such moments of passion it is hard to remember the steps from a word to a blow, but I found myself standing over his dead body, with my hands crimson with the blood that welled from his torn throat. We were alone, and he was a stranger, with none of his kin to seek for him, and murder does not always out—not all at once. His bones may be whitening still, for all I know, in the pool of the river where I left him. No one suspected his absence, or why it was, except my poor Mabel, and she dared not speak. But it was all in vain, for when I came back again after an absence of months—for I could not live in the place—I learned that her shame had come and that she had died in it. Hitherto I had been borne up by the thought that my ill deed had saved her future, but now, when I learned that I had been too late, and that my poor love was smirched with that man's sin, I fled away with the sense of my useless guilt upon me more heavily than I could bear. Ah! Sir, you that have not done such a sin don't know what it is to carry it with you. You may think that custom makes it easy to you, but it is not so. It grows and grows with every hour, till it becomes intolerable: and with it growing, too, the feeling that you must for ever stand outside Heaven. You don't know what that means, and I pray God that you never may. Ordinary men, to whom all things are possible, don't often, if ever, think of Heaven. It is a name, and nothing more, and they are content to wait and let things be; but to those who are doomed to be shut out for ever you cannot think what it means; you cannot guess or measure the terrible, endless longing to see the gates opened, and to be able to join the white figures within.

"And this brings me to my dream. It seemed that the portal was before me, with great gates of massive steel with bars of the thickness of a mast, rising to the very clouds, and so close that between them was just a glimpse of a crystal grotto, on whose shining walls were figured many white-clad forms with faces radiant with joy. When I stood before the gate my heart and my soul were so full of rapture and longing that I forgot. And there stood at the gate two mighty angels with sweeping wings, and oh! so stern of countenance. They held each in one hand a flaming sword, and in the other the latchet, which moved to and fro at their lightest touch. Nearer were figures all draped in black, with heads covered so that only the eyes were seen, and they handed to each who came white garments such as the angels wear. A low murmur came that told that all should put on their own robes, and without soil, or the angels would not pass them in, but would smite them down with the flaming swords. I was eager to don my own garment, and hurriedly threw it over me and stepped swiftly to the gate; but it moved not, and the angels, loosing the latchet, pointed to my dress. I looked down, and was aghast, for the whole robe was smeared with blood. My hands were red; they glittered with the blood that dripped from them as on that day by the river bank. And then the angels raised their flaming swords to smite me down, and the horror was complete—I awoke. Again, and again, and again, that awful dream comes to me. I never learn from the experience, I never remember, but at the beginning the hope is ever there to make the end more appalling; and I know that the dream does not come out of the common darkness where the dreams abide, but that it is sent from God as a punishment! Never, never shall I be able to pass the gate, for the soil on the angel garments must ever come from these bloody hands!"

I listened as in a spell as Jacob Settle spoke. There was something so far away in the tone of his voice—something so dreamy and mystic in the eyes that looked as if through me at some spirit beyond—something so lofty in his very diction and in such marked contrast to his work-worn clothes and his poor surroundings that I wondered if the whole thing were not a dream.

We were both silent for a long time. I kept looking at the man before me in growing wonderment. Now that his confession had been made, his soul, which had been crushed to the very earth, seemed to leap back again to uprightness with some resilient force. I suppose I ought to have been horrified with his story, but, strange to say, I was not. It certainly is not pleasant to be made the recipient of the confidence of a murderer, but this poor fellow seemed to have had, not only so much provocation, but so much self-denying purpose in his deed of blood that I did not feel called upon to pass judgment upon him. My purpose was to comfort, so I spoke out with what calmness I could, for my heart was beating fast and heavily—

"You need not despair, Jacob Settle. God is very good, and His mercy is great. Live on and work on in the hope that some day you may feel that you have atoned for the past." Here I paused, for I could see that sleep, natural sleep this time, was creeping upon him. "Go to sleep," I said; "I shall watch with you here, and we shall have no more evil dreams to-night."

He made an effort to pull himself together, and answered—

"I don't know how to thank you for your goodness to me this night, but I think you had best leave me now. I'll try and sleep this out; I feel a weight off my mind since I have told you all. If there's anything of the man left in me, I must try and fight out life alone."

"I'll go to-night, as you wish it," I said; "but take my advice, and do not live in such a solitary way. Go among men and women; live among them. Share their joys and sorrows, and it will help you to forget. This solitude will make you melancholy mad."

"I will!" he answered, half unconsciously, for sleep was overmastering him.



I turned to go, and he looked after me. When I had touched the latch I dropped it, and, coming back to the bed, held out my hand. He grasped it with both his as he rose to a sitting posture, and I said my good-night, trying to cheer him—

"Heart, man, heart! There is work in the world for you to do, Jacob Settle. You can wear those white robes yet and pass through that gate of steel!" Then I left him.

A week after I found his cottage deserted, and on asking at the works was told that he had "gone north"—no one knew exactly whither.

Two years afterwards, I was staying for a few days with my friend Dr. Munro in Glasgow. He was a busy man, and could not spare much time for going about with me, so I spent my days in excursions to the Trossachs and Loch Katrine and down the Clyde. On the second last evening of my stay I came back somewhat later than I had arranged, but found that my host was late too. The maid told me that he had been sent for to the hospital—a case of accident at the gas-works, and the dinner was postponed an hour; so, telling her I would stroll down to find her master and walk back with him, I went out. At the hospital I found him washing his hands preparatory to starting for home. Casually, I asked him what his case was.

"Oh, the usual thing! A rotten rope and men's lives of no account. Two men were working in a gasometer, when the rope that held their scaffolding broke. It must have occurred just before the dinner hour, for no one noticed their absence till the men had returned. There was about seven feet of water in the gasometer, so they had a hard fight for it, poor fellows. However, one of them was alive, just alive, but we have had a hard job to pull him through. It seems that he owes his life to his mate, for I have never heard of greater heroism. They swam together while their strength lasted, but at the end they were so done up that even the lights above, and the men slung with ropes, coming down to help them, could not keep them up. But one of them stood on the bottom and held up his comrade over his head, and those few breaths made all the difference between life and death. They were a shocking sight when they were taken out, for that water is like a purple dye with the gas and the tar. The man upstairs looked as if he had been washed in blood. Ugh!"

"And the other?"

"Oh, he's worse still. But he must have been a very noble fellow. That struggle under the water must have been fearful; one can see that by the way the blood has been drawn from the extremities. It makes the idea of the *Stigmata* possible to look at him. Resolution like his could, you would think, do anything in the world. Ay! it might almost unbar the gates of Heaven. Look here, old man, it is not a very pleasant sight, especially just before dinner, but you are a writer, and this is an odd case. Here is something you would not like to miss, for in all human probability you will never see anything like it again." While he was speaking he had brought me into the mortuary of the hospital.

On the bier lay a body covered with a white sheet, which was wrapped close round it.

"Looks like a chrysalis, don't it? I say, Jack, if there be anything in the old myth that the soul is typified by a butterfly, well, then the one that this chrysalis sent forth was a very noble specimen and took all the sunlight on its wings. See here!" He uncovered the face. Horrible, indeed, it looked, as though stained with blood. But I knew him at once, Jacob Settle! My friend pulled the winding sheet further down.

The hands were crossed on the purple breast as they had been reverently placed by some tender-hearted person. As I saw them, my heart throbbed with a great exultation, for the memory of his harrowing dream rushed across my mind. There was no stain now on those poor, brave hands, for they were blanched white as snow.

And somehow as I looked I felt that the evil dream was all over. That noble soul had won a way through the gate at last. The white robe had now no stain from the hands that had put it on.

## BAD LANGUAGE AMONG CHILDREN.

Is it not about time for the "powers that be" to do something to check the epidemic of bad language at present raging among the metropolitan street-arabs? Nowadays, the great thoroughfares of London simply reek with blasphemy. You cannot pass by any collection of roughs and idlers without hearing oaths that would almost shock a stage-manager. Not only do youths in their teens vie with their elders and indulge in this repulsive habit, but little children take the example. The other day I went through Drury Lane in the evening, and paused



"I found myself standing over his dead body."

for a moment to watch four or five little children who were revelling in the delights of hop-scotch, a game with whose mysteries I am not familiar. Something caused a disagreement, and from the lips of these boys and girls there came a torrent of foul words. Nobody appeared to pay any attention to it, although one of the worst of the offenders could not have been more than eight or nine years old. Although I hold that, when something unexpectedly provoking happens, a man is entitled to relieve his feelings by the use of what Mr. Zangwill calls the first syllable of damage, indiscriminate swearing is at all times reprehensible. With the large number of screaming societies to be met nowadays, it seems a pity that steps are not promptly taken to stamp out this growing danger. By an old statute, the use of bad language is an offence. When I started to make this note I had a vague recollection of one of those short stories written by Charles Dickens, in which he describes a conviction he secured by reminding or informing a policeman of his powers. Anxious to authenticate my remarks, I went to my book-case, but searched in vain for the narrative. I turned to Stephens' "Commentaries on the Laws of England," and found the authority. B.



## A LITTLE LUNCHEON PARTY.

JACK ESSELMONT, a young stockbroker, with not very much to do just now but get into mischief.

NINA, his pretty little wife, who is beginning to imagine herself misunderstood.

MRS. CICELY PAYNTER, an erstwhile friend of NINA's, and withal a charming widow.

THE HON. THOS. TITER, a great pal of JACK's and also of his wife.

SCENE: Entrance-hall of a Bath restaurant. A hansom dashes up to the door, and Jack, resplendent in new gloves and a buttonhole, emerges, pays the cabman double his fare, and walks with the air of a duke and a slight dash of a Don Juan into the hall.

JACK (looking round anxiously, yet, withal, modestly). H'm! she's not come yet, I suppose?

COMMISSIONAIRE. Are you expecting anyone, Sir?

JACK (blushing). Oh—ah—yes—a lady.

COMMISSIONAIRE. There is no one here at present; it is a little early, Sir.

JACK (looks round and wonders what to do next, for he feels the eye of the Commissionaire is on him, and it seems as if his wife were looking at him; an agile waiter, however, runs up and removes his hat and stick, and gives him a number before he knows what is happening). Confound it! What's this for?

WAITER. Your things, Sir. Are you expecting anyone, Sir?

JACK (flustered). I—that is—what the deuce is that to you? (Aside.) Why doesn't Cicely come?

[Tries to poke his nose into the ladies' room.

WAITER (for he has seen that sort of thing before). No one has come yet, Sir, I assure you. (Winks at the Commissionaire, who looks up and down the street in an interested fashion.) Have you ordered lunch, Sir?

JACK (somehow feeling that he has left undone things he ought to have done). No; I suppose I had better.

WAITER. I think so, Sir. In there, to the left, Sir.

[Jack enters the banqueting-hall in a dignified manner, and is immediately surrounded by a horde of waiters.

FIRST WAITER (persuasively leading him one way). Lunch, Sir?

SECOND WAITER (drawing a chair across his shins). For two, Sir?

THIRD WAITER (almost seizing him by the arm, and pointing). Good table for four, Sir.

[He is completely surrounded, when suddenly the lion—that is, the Head Waiter—stalks magnificently down on his prey from the kitchen. The jackals disperse to their various tables.

HEAD WAITER (condescendingly). You are going to lunch here, Sir?

JACK. That's my idea—yes.

H. W. (affably). You have engaged a table, Sir?

JACK (his face falling, and feeling he has sinned). No, I haven't; but I suppose there is no difficulty?

H. W. (with a face clouding ominously). They are nearly all engaged, but (doubtfully, for he feels the honour of the restaurant is in his hands) I think we might be able to arrange one for you.

JACK (pressing his hand with metallic courtesy). That's very good of you; I thought you might. That's the one I should like.

[Points to the best table in the place.

H. W. (very pleased at being able to say so). That one is engaged—Lord Pommery, Sir—

JACK. The deuce! Oh, very well; this— [Goes to the next best.

H. W. (very smilingly). Excuse me, Sir, it is also retained, by Sir Charles Chumpney.

JACK. Chumpney, too! What's he doing here? Well, this will do.

H. W. (thawing a little as he sees JACK is impressed). It is also taken. The Hon. Thomas Titer, Sir.

JACK (to himself). Tommy Titer! What a nuisance! He knows Cicely, and is sure to chaff her; and then there is Chumpney and Pommery. (Begins to wish he hadn't come.) I wonder who he has lunching with him.

H. W. (putting JACK out of his agony with immense condescension). You can have this table. How many, Sir?

JACK. Two.

H. W. (looks as if he knew that already). And the wine, Sir?

JACK. I'll order that directly.

[Goes out into the hall. The Head Waiter winks to himself, and then discourses affably with his subordinates.

JACK (walking uneasily about—thinks he will win the Commissionaire). Ah—let me know as soon as a lady arrives—ah—tell her I am in here.

[The courteous Commissionaire, spying a hansom with Nina in it, who has been asked to lunch by Tommy Titer, awaits developments in a dignified manner at the door.

JACK (looking hastily at newspapers and then at himself in the glass). I wish Cicely would come. I wish all those Johnnies weren't lunching here. I wish (pulls his moustache) I had gone to some quieter place (feeling he is rather funkling it). I shall have to give Tommy the hint to say nothing about seeing me to Nina. She thinks I am at a Board

meeting in the City while she has gone away into the country to see a sick aunt. Poor little dear!

[The poor little dear in question, having got out of the cab, trips lightly in and asks if a gentleman is waiting for her. The courteous Commissionaire, with a wink at the waiter, assures her such is the case, and shows her in.

JACK (coming hastily forward). At last!

NINA (surprised and horrified). Jack!

COMMISSIONAIRE (in the hall). Bless you! of course, I was right.

JACK (flabbergasted, and hastily trying to think of a good lie). I am glad to see you. Your aunt is better, I suppose?

NINA (a little alarmed, but, woman-like, seizing the opportunity of putting her husband in the wrong). Your Board meeting is over rather soon, I fancy.

JACK (feeling like an ass). Yes; a little earlier than I expected, and as I felt hungry, you see, well— (A brilliant idea strikes him.) I met Tommy Titer a few minutes ago, and he asked me to lunch.

NINA (a little surprised). He asked you to lunch?

JACK. Oh, yes! (To himself.) Poor Tommy; I must get hold of him, and he will have to stand lunch. I hope his party won't be disturbed.

NINA. That was very nice of him.

JACK. Oh, very! You see, I never lunched here before, and the Board meeting being over—

NINA. And other business?

JACK. There is none. It is one of our many holidays to-day. I thought I'd come up, and so— (with a cold perspiration breaking over him). And what are you doing here? Your aunt doesn't live here.

NINA (very sweetly). No; she's better, and telegraphed me not to come, and so I didn't go; but I came here—

JACK. So I see. What for?

NINA (sweeter than ever). To meet you, dear.

JACK. To meet me (alarmed)! How did you know I was here?

NINA. Why, I met Mr. Titer just now, and he told me you were coming to lunch, and asked me to come too.

JACK (dumbfounded). It's a— (Aside, his case being hopeless.)

NINA. You seem surprised.

JACK (faintly). No; not at all.

NINA. So kind of Mr. Titer!

JACK. Oh, yes; so very kind. (But he feels like kicking him.)

NINA. It's very good of you to come, dear, to play old gooseberry like this.

JACK (savagely to himself). I'll play old Harry very soon. (Aloud.) It's lucky I was able to come, isn't it? (Tries to be sarcastic.)

NINA. Oh, yes.

JACK. If I hadn't, what would you have done?

NINA. I suppose I shouldn't have been able to come.

JACK (angrily). Humbug!

NINA. Unless he had asked some other lady. I wonder if he has?

JACK (seeing a chance). Yes, he has.

NINA (slightly annoyed at this). Oh, who is it?

JACK. He told me; Mrs. Paynter. (Aside to himself.) Hang that Tommy! I'll take it out of him in lunch, anyway.

NINA (really thinking Tommy has asked her). Cicely Paynter. (Very annoyed.) He's always running about after her.

JACK (aside). Is he?

NINA. Unless you wanted to meet her.

JACK (hastily). No, no; not a bit of it.

NINA. And asked him to ask her.

JACK. No; of course not. (Aside.) I wonder how I shall get out of this muddle.

NINA. She's a very nice woman, but scheming; so beware, Jack.

JACK. Oh, I'm all right. Aren't you here?

NINA. And might not allow you to be caught.

JACK (hastily). Of course, you might trust me anywhere; but Tommy's a dangerous man. Take care!

NINA. Why should I? You see, it isn't as if I were alone with him.

JACK. No; of course not. (Aside.) Little humbug! she was coming here alone to do that very thing, I believe. Confound Tommy!

NINA. But now we can both take care of each other.

JACK (resolving to do his share in future). Yes; perhaps a little more so in the future—what do you think?

NINA (archly). Whatever you think, dearest.

JACK (falling, and forgiving her to himself). What do you say to coming and lunching alone with me to-morrow at the Berkeley?

NINA. I should enjoy it immensely.

JACK. So should I. (And he really thinks so.)

[TITER drives up at the same time as CICELY.

TITER. By Jove, Mrs. Paynter! I thought you said you couldn't come to lunch to-day (disgustedly).

CICELY (catching sight of JACK and NINA, and tumbling to the situation, as they say). You made a mistake. I said I would. You are expecting—

TITER. Mrs. Esselmont—

CICELY. And her husband. Such a nice little luncheon party! So kind of you!

TITER. What the deuce— Hullo, Jack, old man!

JACK. Here you are at last! We have both been waiting for you—

TITER. Well, come along to lunch.

[They sit down: TITER confused, JACK annoyed, NINA relieved, CICELY enjoying the joke, but having it all to herself. L. O.



## HORS D'ŒUVRES.

This is a time when everything is new. As I had occasion some weeks ago to remark, if we looked at the epithets of our journalism, we should think that the old order had indeed changed. When Mr. Biggar—peace be to his memory!—divided the House of Commons a dozen times over a comma, this was Obstruction; when Mr. Bowles, M.P., asks intricate conundrums concerning the Budget, this is called the New Obstruction. What of new is there in it? The chronicler of the Heavily Heavenly Twins has created the New Woman. Again, why new? How many years ago lived Xantippe?—and she was but a New Woman gone moderately wrong. This avalanche of self-styled newness began with the outbreak of the New Journalism; but wherein was that new? Even its bad grammar was a survival. What are our new movements but mere rags and clippings of the old?

From all this Newness take the letter "s,"  
And it is *Tit-Bits*, neither more nor less.

And now, for our sins, we are to have a New Party. Mr. Andrew Reid, a well-known bookmaker, though not at races, has gathered to himself seven other writers worse—no; it is not so. They are more than seven, and they are not, nor could easily be, worse writers than the gifted Andrew. And if we pursue the parallel further, the public mind is not yet empty, swept and garnished after the invasion of Mr. Reid's last horde. It is surely quite a short time since he brought out "*Vox Clamantium*," and now again "*Quousque tandem, Catilina?*" It is really time that something very unpleasant happened to Mr. Andrew Reid.

To do him justice, he is sensible of his daring. If the public does not want to buy his book, he will meet the public half-way by publishing at the popular price of fourteen shillings. It is not dear, for a whole New Party, but the worst is that this is not a New Party, but a set of Old Parties, whom we know too well, alas! Given the names of our new partisans, and a skilled, but not too highly educated, journalist could write their essays for them. Given Mr. Grant Allen, for instance: you can forecast a scheme of politics blended of cheap science and cheap fiction; you know how the mention of the House of Lords will throw him into a wild state of what may be called Grantal Allenation. All that is new in *his* New Party is the name—and that is not new. About a century ago, some English men of letters wanted to be Pantisocrats, but found that it did not agree with them, and became Tories instead. Our modern reformers, as befits *sans-culottes*, have dropped the first syllable, and call themselves Isocrats.

Pantisocrats—a title rather mouthy—  
Were, for a season, Coleridge and Southey;  
But now our Radical Reformer rants,  
A purple Isocrat, without the Pants.

For the Isocrats are to have a colour and a flower. Not, alas! a new colour or a new flower. No; their colour is to be merely purple, the royal colour, and their flower the purple pansy, which, as we are reminded, stands "for thoughts."

Purple is a very royal colour; only, modern purples won't wash. Let us hope, too, that the cult of the pansy as a party emblem will not spread in the land. The desecration of the primrose to a party emblem is sufficiently unpleasant, but will, one trusts, die out. What have Isocrats to do with heart's-ease? Let them invent a New Magenta, or a New Peony, or something equally conspicuous and democratic; but let not our pansies be given up to be badges of the Isocrat or Onocrat, or any variety of the New Ass that delights to fill himself with the New East Wind.

Why not take a hint from the prophetic Kipling, and christen the New Party the Bandar-log? Could its aims and methods be more happily summed up than in the immortal lines—

Here we sit in a branchy row,  
Thinking of beautiful things we know,  
Dreaming of deeds that we mean to do,  
All complete in a minute or two;  
Something noble and wise and good,  
Done by merely wishing we could.  
We've forgotten, but—never mind;  
Brother, thy tail hangs down behind! MARMITON.

## MISS MARIE STUDHOLME.

The run of luck which has up to now attended that bright and sparkling burlesque, "*A Gaiety Girl*," at the Prince of Wales' Theatre, is due in no slight measure to the general attractiveness of the fair artists who play up to the efforts of the principal performers. One of the first names which would occur to one as being the foremost among this bevy of feminine beauty is, undoubtedly, that of Miss Marie Studholme. She is a Yorkshire lass, born at the tiny village of Baildon, near Leeds, twenty years ago last September. In 1891 she made her start in the professional world, taking the part of Lady Betty in "*Dorothy*" (Redfern's company). After that she played a small part in "*La Cigale*." London does not agree with her for long at a time, so she had to go home to recoup. When she came back she played the bride in "*Haste to the Wedding*," at the Trafalgar Theatre, and then a small part in the



Photo by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.

MISS STUDHOLME AS THE BRIDE IN "*HASTE TO THE WEDDING*"  
WITH MR. GEORGE GROSSMITH, JUN.

reproduction of "*Betsy*" at the Criterion, and for a second time had to go home to recoup. Overwork doesn't suit her; she is not built that way. A very short holiday, though, sets her up again, and she was soon back and at the Shaftesbury Theatre, where she was booked for "*Morocco Bound*." During the run of the piece she played no less than three different parts, Violet Cameron's, Jennie McNulty's, and her own, and then, towards the end of the run, Mr. George Edwardes, of the Gaiety Theatre, asked her to join the Gaiety Company. Very soon after, having signed the agreement with Mr. Edwardes, the "*Morocco Bound*" syndicate offered her the principal part if she remained on with them. This was, of course, a very tempting offer, but it was, unfortunately, out of the question, as she had already signed an agreement with Mr. Edwardes, and he could not release her from it; so she went from the Shaftesbury Theatre to the Prince of Wales' Theatre to take the part of Miss Gladys Stourton, one of the Society ladies in "*A Gaiety Girl*." She told a representative that there was no truth in the rumour of the ladies refusing to wear the bathing costumes in the burlesque. The sketches of the costumes looked a bit risky, but when they were made up they were not nearly so bad, and there was really nothing in them to take exception to—in fact, the ladies think them very pretty; and the opinion expressed by them in character really echoes their own conviction—

Don't we look extremely fetching,  
Subjects fit for artist's sketching?  
These are fashion's last successes,  
Latest thing in bathing dresses!

Miss Studholme has also figured in the *tableaux* at the Empire. She cares neither for burlesque nor comic opera very much. It has always been her ambition to become one day a *prima donna* in grand opera.



MISS MARIE STUDHOLME.

*From Photographs by Messrs. W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.*



## BETWEEN THE INNINGS.

## IV.—TRAGEDY OF THE MAN WHO "REMEMBERED."

"The Tourists will have to play better than this to win their South Coast matches," said the Honorary Member.

But the Vice-Captain laughed at such forebodings.

"We had the same side in Devonshire last summer," he argued, "almost to a man, and we won every game."

"Darcy's brother won't be accompanying the team this year, I suppose?" said the visitor, and there was a general laugh. The episode of the Vice-Captain's brother was a standing joke against us. He was not a cricketer himself, but, happening to be in the West of England on business at the time of our last tour, it had come to him—as a bright notion—to travel with the eleven. He could transact his affairs, as usual, during the day, and be ready to join us afterwards at dinner, and to share in the hilariously jovial evenings of which he had heard his brother speak. The first day this programme was carried out to the letter. The man of business did a hard and remunerative morning's work, and was on the steps of the hotel to receive us in the evening, wearing a neck-tie of the club colours. He seemed then in good spirits. It was noticed in the billiard-room after dinner that he had become very silent and depressed; but no one dreamed of there being anything serious amiss. We never saw Darcy's brother again. When we got down to breakfast next morning he had disappeared. A letter reached us a few hours later, bearing the post-mark of another town. The unfortunate man besought us not to judge him hardly—he had done his best—but he would sooner, he said, retire from business altogether than endure another night's conversation like the last.

"Your brother's experience," said the Red-faced Man, "reminds me of the tragedy of Alfred Purchase, 'the man who remembered.' Never was a human being cursed with such powers of recollection. He could give detailed description of innings played twenty years previously, and complete score-sheets of all the games he had taken part in since childhood might have been compiled from his tales alone. There lay the mischief of it. Had he been content with narrating his own achievements, no cricketer would have had any right to complain. In regaling you with a 'recollection' the average man puts just the tit-bits of the game before you, or what seem to him such; but when Purchase catered it was as 'the whole bird' that a match figured upon the conversational menu. For cricket in progress he manifested slight enthusiasm; he could be apathetic in the midst of excitement, but would light up wonderfully if the events he was taking part in enabled him to recall some less striking episode from the dim past. I believe that Purchase thought that cricket existed to furnish him with raw materials for his abominable art. The return journey from a distant match showed him at his worst. None of us carried books, and, as the sporting papers had all by this time been read and thrown away, an unprincipled raconteur held the party entirely at his mercy. I remember an account given under these circumstances of a tour Purchase once took with the old 'Bluebottles.' 'On the Monday,' he said, 'we played at Chichester. We lost the toss and started the attack, the wicket being a bit fiery, with Grierson and Sammy Bones'—all the names he gave, I may add, were quite strange to us—'Grierson bowling down hill. With the score at thirty, Johnson took off Grierson, who had been bowling short, gave Sammy the top end, and went on up the hill himself with slows. At lunch-time the telegraph showed seventy-three for two wickets, of which Maddox, who had been let off in the first over, had made forty-one.' With equal deliberation the old lunatic carried his tale straight through to the Saturday night.

"A man who timed the anecdote on the watch swore afterwards that the whole thing did not take thirty-five minutes; but this must have been a mistake. The voice ceased at last, and we sat on in reproachful silence. Seared as Purchase had become by years of 'remembering,' he knew this time that he had done wrong. Unfortunately, we had in our eleven that day a Sunday-school teacher named Morton—a man who carried benevolence to the verge of sin.

"Slight as our oppressor's confusion had been, the good fellow took note of it, and hastened to the relief.

"Well, Purchase," he said, with an effort, "I should say that must indeed have been a most enjoyable and memorable week."

"On the following Monday," said Purchase, clearing his throat, "we went to Lewes."

"It had been a fortnight's tour he had had with the 'Bluebottles,' and on the strength of Morton's encouragement he proceeded now to give us the second week. Poor Morton! I can see his face now."

"What happened to him in the end?" said the Vice-Captain, who had to hurry away.

"To Morton?"

"No; to Purchase?"

"Oh! nothing."

"But I thought you called it a tragedy?"

"Yes; that is the tragedy. He is still going about."—B. A. CLARKE.

## A NONSENSE RHYME.

There was a young lady of Wilts,  
Who travelled to Scotland on stilts.  
When they said, "Oh, how shocking  
To show so much stocking!"  
She answered, "But what about kilts?"

## BADMINTON ECHOES.

BY "BUGLE."

*Bribing the  
Gamekeeper.*

I am very glad to see that attention has been called in the columns of a contemporary to an evil system, which, it seems, obtains on the part of certain vendors of pheasants' food. By promising a percentage on all food bought—for this is what it amounts to—they do their best to make a keeper dishonest enough to recommend an article, simply because he will himself pocket money over it. It is always matter for congratulation when any little practices of this description can be shown up, for there are far too many of them. "Please observe that —" was the first to offer such liberal presents. Please show your appreciation by giving him all your orders: so run the terms of the bribery in question. As a matter of fact, the majority of these pheasants' foods are quite unnecessary, and young pheasants do not thrive a bit better on them than upon the simple old-fashioned foods. In a district or a season which is bad for ants'-eggs, a food which in some sort forms a substitute for these may be valuable; but most of the foods advertised tend, in my humble opinion, to make the young birds too fat, and also too soft.

*Hawking  
Plovers.*

Of all the birds flown at by the falcon, not one, perhaps, is so hard to kill as the common peewit. So difficult is it that most men pronounce it a hopeless form of quarry. This bird has a power of twisting, tumbling, and evading the stoop which must be seen to be believed. But the Great Plover—also called the Thick-knee, or Stone Curlew—is, on the other hand, an exceedingly easy bird to take. I remember once seeing a Thick-knee flown in Wiltshire by a very keen and clever old falcon. The plover put into one of the little dew-ponds, of which there are so many on the plain. As it dropped into the water the falcon was so close upon it that she could not stop herself, but shot after it right into the water. The plover immediately set himself to swim out, and swam very fairly well. The old hawk could not swim, but she flapped out somehow, and, not to be denied, hopped, all dripping wet, along the grass, till she succeeded in grabbing the Norfolk plover. The bird was not hurt in the least, and we kept it in a walled garden as a pet for quite a long time. But I hope no one else will hawk this bird, for it is one of our most interesting English birds, and getting rarer every day.

*Trout Food.*

I was speaking the other day about the effect of sewage on trout, saying that it did them no harm, but made them grow fine and fat. I have been fishing in such water since then, and have come to this conclusion: sewage in a stream tends to give the trout a depraved taste. They come to care less and less for flies, and more and more for what they can find about the bottom; in particular, they take to feeding very much upon the larvæ of the caddis fly. Some fine fish we took were quite full—filled to the lips—with this form of fare. They eat the caddis, grub, house, and all; so that the fishes are stuffed, not only with grubs, but with mud, sticks, stones, shells, straws, dead leaves, and all the varying material that go to make the tenement of the larvæ of the caddis.

Temperatures are unaccountable. Last October, when I passed the North Cape on my way home from the White Sea, my cold bath was 37 degrees. About the same point this week the water was 47 degrees, and twenty miles further on 42 degrees. "The Gulf Stream?" says somebody. Yes; but it seems that scientists are still at odds about how far its influence extends; so I am keeping an elaborate record of temperatures to see what conclusion we can come at. At Tromsø, the other day, we were baking hot at 4 p.m., and at 7 p.m. were just as cold. Sometimes we find ourselves in a current where even the surface water is nearly freezing. Here in the mountains you will find wonderful patches of flowers, and all among them great drifts of snow, in which the blue hares have made themselves snug seats.

## AN AUSTRALIAN SONGSTRESS.

More than one famous singer has lately come from Australia. Madame Melba, from Melbourne, and Madame Amy Sherwin are, it is to be hoped, heralds from the Colonies of many other vocalists who will sooner or later delight their British cousins. Such a one is Madame Frances Saville, whose parents were natives of Melbourne, but whose birthplace was San Francisco. At the age of nine she went to Hamburg to learn the pianoforte, painting, and singing. On her return to Australia she had the good fortune to sing in Sydney the soprano solos in "Elijah," having as the unrivalled exponent of the prophet's music, Mr. Charles Santley. Madame Saville joined Sir Charles and Lady Hallé on their first concert tour through the Colonies. She visited this country in 1891, thereafter taking lessons from Madame Marchesi, the famous teacher in Paris of many successful singers. Madame Saville's debut on the lyric stage was made on Sept. 7, 1892, at the Royal Opera House, Brussels, where she attained immediate favour by her rendering of the leading rôle in "Romeo and Juliet." She has since repeated her success in St. Petersburg, Moscow, and Berlin. Last November, Madame Saville joined the Carl Rosa Company, and has made new friends wherever she has gone. In December, 1893, she appeared at the Monday Popular Concerts, singing songs by Handel, Schubert, and Schumann to the satisfaction of one of the most critical audiences in the world. As she has youth and beauty on her side, as well as the gift of a splendid voice, a happy future may be anticipated for Madame Frances Saville.





MADAME FRANCES SAVILLE.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LAFAYETTE, DUBLIN.

## A LADY ARCTIC EXPLORER.

## A CHAT WITH MISS HELEN PEEL.

One hardly expects to find an Arctic explorer—particularly of the weaker sex—in the precincts of Mayfair, and it was with more than the usual trepidation of the conventional interviewer that I timidly presented my card at the old-fashioned house of Sir Robert Peel in Stratton Street, Piccadilly. It was difficult to believe that the charming girl before me was one of the first ladies to travel away to Siberia by way of the Kara Sea, and to return with material for a book so cleverly written as “Polar Gleams.”\*

“I always had a great taste for travel and adventure,” she told me, “though the idea of this particular voyage was greatly created by the perusal of your book, ‘From the Arctic Ocean to the Yellow Sea,’” she added, with a smile. “I always wanted to go to Siberia, however,” she continued, “and, as luck would have it, I found myself invited to go to Siberia by Mr. Leybourne Popham, on his yacht, the *Blencathra*, formerly



Photo by A. Esmé Collings, West Brighton.  
MISS PEEL.

the gunboat *Pandora*, which went out to the relief of the Lee-Smith Expedition. All my relatives and friends objected to my going, and my mother was away at Carlsbad, but she gave her consent, and so I made up my mind to go, although someone—who, I have not the least idea—was good enough to offer me, anonymously, a very handsome gift if I would stay at home—an offer which displayed a tender interest in my welfare, together with a consideration for the practical side, which my anonymous friend must have conceived me to possess, of my nature. I was informed of the various perils of the trip, but I cannot say I was frightened; while, on the other hand, without a spice of danger, there would have been no attraction. I am fond of roughing it, and have often wished that I were a man, that I could indulge in my love of travel. However, having got over all the objections put in my way, I started making preparations for my Arctic journey. I am afraid that I treated this matter very lightly, and started with things which were almost inadequate for such a journey. It was lucky the affair went off as well as it did, for I took no furs at all with me, relying on the statements I had read in books with regard to the summer in these regions.”

“And was this your first experiment?” I interjected.

“I had never been on a sea voyage before,” she replied, “except across the Channel, in which short trips I always succeeded in getting very ill. Of course, you know that the *raison d'être* of this particular journey of mine was to follow up the successful journey of the *Biscaya*, and this time the expedition—we started in the summer of 1893—was under the auspices of the Russian Government, and we had quite a little fleet of our own, consisting of six vessels, three Russian and three English, the object of this expedition being to carry over some rails for the construction of the Trans-Siberian railway. The ship I was on, the *Blencathra*, started from the little town of Appledore, in Devon, to join the remainder in Norway. Our party consisted, besides myself, of Mr. and Mrs. James, and the owner of the yacht, Mr. Popham.

“I must confess,” my vivacious informant continued, “that the journey to the North Sea tried my determination very much, as I was very ill, and often wished myself back again shopping in Piccadilly; but the

novelty of my journey soon overcame this feeling, and by the time we had reached the fjords I was as good a sailor as anyone on board.

“The northern regions made me feel that I was enjoying a new life, and, though we had a delightful cruise through the fjords, no particular incidents occurred. Passing through a narrow fjord between the mainland and an island of the North Cape, we at length reached Vardö, the rendezvous of our enterprise, having called *en route* at Tromsø and Hammerfest. We stayed ten days at Vardö, giving me ample time to explore the town; but there appeared to be nothing going on but fishing, and I don't think the recollection of this industry and the smells which accompany it will ever entirely fade from my mind. At the end of the ten days I was pleased to wake up and find that the rest of our little fleet had arrived, under the command of Captain Wiggins. Our little harbour was much excited by the accompanying bustle and confusion, for so many ships had never before entered this northern harbour. We were all of us pleased when it was decided to make a start for really Arctic regions.

“No one unacquainted with the Arctic regions would imagine, I fancy, what a delightful trip we really had. Often we might have been seen walking on the deck of the *Blencathra*, under the influence of a genial sun, feeling, some of us, that these regions are much maligned by those who think of them as being merely desolate and cold. However, the sight of the floating ice along the Siberian coast served to remind me that, however bright the surroundings might be, there were dangers in these icy seas. At last we passed through the Waigatz Straits, and anchored at Khabarova to drop Mr. Jackson, and to allow time for our sister ships to join us. I am afraid I forgot to mention that among the passengers on board the *Orestes*—one of the other ships of the expedition—was the well-known Arctic explorer, Mr. Jackson, already alluded to, whose forthcoming adventurous expedition to the North Pole has been so much talked of.

“You can imagine my delight to find myself in such romantic surroundings. Khabarova is by no means an uninteresting place, with its reindeer tents and wooden huts. I found that, besides the natives, there were here some Russian exiles, including a Russian priest. It was here that we had left Mr. Jackson, as his object was to take advantage of our voyage through the Kara Sea to get dropped on the coast of the Yalmal Peninsula, for the purpose of exploring the interior, and also to get acclimatised to the rigour of the Arctic winter. Then we started for the misty terrors of the Kara Sea, or, as some Russian writer has called it, ‘the Great Ice Cellar of the North.’ We were very fortunate, and meandered successfully through its ice-floes, wondering whether in years to come this would really be a channel for commercial enterprise.”

“And did you meet with no especial incidents?” I asked.

“Nothing beyond the fact that we were lucky enough to see that on two ice-floes some two hundred walrus were huddled together, and, of course, everybody on board was tremendously excited. Shots were fired at one group, but without success, and they immediately took to the water; but Mr. Popham decided to have a boat lowered and attack the next group in a different way. This he did, and, notwithstanding their surrounding the boat on all sides, he managed to kill a couple, which were immediately towed on to an ice-floe and skinned. The biggest of the couple was over sixteen feet long.

“We then rejoined the rest of the convoy, and the remainder of our journey to the mouth of the river Yenesei was uneventful, although delightful. It was night when we arrived in the Yenesei, and the many twinkling lights of the assembled ships made up what was to me an indescribably weird scene. The Russians fired off rockets and lit up Bengal lights in honour of our safe arrival. Although we were practically in the river itself, we found it so rough that there was no opportunity of going ashore. Next morning, however, we did so, and renewed our acquaintance with the Samoyede natives.

“We were not altogether without excitement during the next few days, for two of our rail-bearing lighters sank with their cargo, and our anchors dragged so as to make it very dangerous for us all, so much so that I found it necessary to retire to bed and try to think of something else in order to forget the danger we were really in. The scenery here is almost grand in its gloom and desolation.

“After three weeks in the river Yenesei, we decided to return. Captain Wiggins came to say ‘Good-bye,’ as he was going with the Russians up the river.

“Our homeward journey was much impeded by fogs, and we ran aground at Waigatz Islands, and I had visions of how romantic it would be to spend the winter in this way, with an expedition probably coming out to save us. However, we got off successfully. We made a slight deviation in the journey, as we had decided to deposit the remainder of the rails at Archangel rather than to take them home, and, without much of interest in the shape of incident, we got safely back again to Dundee on Nov. 7, '93.

“And that is all I have to tell you of my wonderful journey,” she added, with a smile, and I, as her interviewer, realised with regret that the end of the journey was also the end of the interview.—J. M. PRICE.

## TAKING THINGS EASY.

MISSIONARY: “My dear brother, I hope you endure the restraints that are placed upon you here in a manner imbued with both meekness and repentance.”

LIGHT-FINGERED MIKE: “Oh, yes! I allers takes t'ings as dey comes.”—Puck.

\* “Polar Gleams: An Account of a Voyage on the Yacht *Blencathra*.” By Helen Peel. London: Edward Arnold.



## THE ART OF THE DAY.

The chief art topic of the day is, of course, the sale of the Adrian Hope Collection, which has had in its time so flourishing a reputation. The price realised, although a high one, was, perhaps, not beyond a common expectation. When one considers the price which the National Gallery paid for the *Ansidei Madonna*, it seems a little unworthy to find that this enormous collection realised only £47,892. Nevertheless, particular prices are interesting to follow, and it will be profitable, perhaps, to shuffle the list a little.

The Dutchmen still sell as no other school sells. A Rembrandt, the "Portrait of Nicholas Ruts," was bought in by Agnew at a price of 4700 guineas. This was the top price of the sale. Mr. Wertheimer was not far behind with 3000 guineas for a Hobbema, 2150 guineas for

attacking a boar; while through a cleft in the forest a second party in pursuit of boars is visible. It is this minor incident, as it were, which chiefly distinguishes the picture. The sky, which shows through the forest opening, glows with the coloured glory of sunshine. Few things could be more brilliantly attractive than this wonderfully subtle effect of colour relations. Nor is there any overpowering or glaring contrast to emphasise cheaply an easy effect. The values are precisely accurate, and the result glows as with fire.

Those pictures of still life, of which Mr. Adrian Hope appears to have been so fond, and which, to the restless and unappeasable minds of this perverse generation seem so dull, despite all the exquisite skill that has been expended on them, were sold for more or less quiet prices.



THE PUNCH BOWL (A MYSTERY).—DENDY SADLER.

EXHIBITED AT MR. MENDOZA'S GALLERY, KING STREET, ST. JAMES'S.

a Peter de Hooghe, and 2000 guineas for a Cuyp. Among these higher prices it is odd to find a Greuze, "The Bust of a Girl," going for 2900 guineas; a Gerard Dow, "The Flute-Player," was sold for the sum of 3500 guineas, and a Jacob Ruysdael, "A Waterfall," brought in 1600 guineas.

These were the chief among the collection to fetch high prices, and few of them went under 500 guineas, and perhaps it was even a little strange that a Canaletto went for so large a sum as 890 guineas. It was one of that artist's most favourite subjects, painted in his most shining and lucid manner, "The Grand Canal, Venice," looking from the Church of Santa Maria della Salute towards the Doges' Palace. Of the pictures already mentioned, the Rembrandt is a splendid specimen of that artist's accomplishment. The subject is clad in a black gown, with a fur-trimmed cap upon his head. Few things could have a more solemn effectiveness than this splendid scheme of dark and rich colour; the composition and modelling, it goes without saying, belong to Rembrandt's personal art, the secret of which no other artist has divined in quite the same way.

A Rubens which went for 1660 guineas deserves some mention for the exquisite quality of its sky. It is called "A Wild Boar Hunt," and the central incident is concerned with a party of huntsmen and dogs

"A Vase of Flowers," by Van Brussel, went for 340 guineas, and other pictures of a somewhat similar nature—pigeons, hares, pomegranates, flowers, melons, peaches, birds—never ran into four figures. A generation ago, this manner of picture might have secured a popular price, by which we mean exactly the reverse of a manager's meaning in advertising a series of promenade concerts. But, for the moment, the moon of the popularity of still life has waned with that of the later Italian school and the "cock-eyed Primitives."

The Hellenic Society, or, as it is more lengthily called, the Society for the Promotion of Hellenic Studies, takes rank among the few quasi-artistic societies whose financial prospects seem to flourish as the green bay-tree. At its meeting, held a few days ago, Professor Jebb, who presided, chronicled the events of the year, explained the nature of the Athenian treasure-house at Delphi, which has been excavated at Delphi by French archaeologists, who, for the honour of their nation, have been lately much to the front in bringing this kind of work to successful issues. The treasure-house in question was built, it appears, in 490 B.C., shortly after Marathon, and the sculptures that adorn its walls are taken chiefly from the exploits of Hercules, and, possibly, Theseus. We are not in a position, any more than is Professor Jebb, to make any personal criticism upon the value of these works, but "it is said" that they are "masterpieces of archaic art." An even more interesting result has



SILENT SYMPATHY.—HERBERT DICKSEE.

Exhibited at the Royal Academy. The Copyright is the property of Messrs. Frost and Reed, Art Publishers, 8, Clare Street, Bristol. Will be issued as an etching.

ensued from these excavations in the disclosure of the walls of the Pythian Apollo. Embedded in these has been found an archaic statue of the gods, "of more than life-size," fairly well preserved. The peculiar point of interest about this statue is the strong Egyptian quality which pervades it. It is impossible to note this fact without seeing in it great significance. With the remainder of the discoveries about which Professor Jebb spoke with some reasonable enthusiasm, such as the Delphic hymn to Apollo, it is not for this column to deal.

A very important work, and one which should give cause for considerable artistic interest, is shortly to be issued from Dresden. It is being prepared by Dr. Wörmann, Director of the Royal Galleries at that town, and consists of a series of fac-similes of all the most important examples in the collection of drawings that are under his care. The work, if brought to a successful issue, should prove to be one of the most interesting and remarkable of its kind. It will be enough to note that the selection will include more than three hundred examples, and, what is of even greater interest, the book is to be accompanied by a critical commentary by the Director himself.

The publication of Mr. Ruskin's college letters, a few days ago, sends one back a clean half-century, into controversies that have, perhaps, grown a trifle stale, and into conditions of mind that scarcely sympathise with the mental attitude of to-day. Still, the letters are delightful reading, and contain the germs of everything which has since delighted, bewildered, angered, and puzzled the work-a-day world that sees no romance in contradiction and perceives that enthusiasm is, for the most part, fanaticism. Here is Mr. Ruskin, for example, speaking for himself in a very recognisable method of speech—

[Turner] is the epitome of all Art, the concentration of all power; there is nothing that ever artist was celebrated for that he cannot do better than the

most celebrated. He seems to have seen everything, remembered everything, spiritualised everything in the visible world; there is nothing that he has not done, nothing that he dares not do; when he dies there will be more of Nature and her mysteries forgotten in one sob than will be learnt again by the eyes of a generation.

In such a quotation, and disregarding the mere details, you extract the essence of Mr. Ruskin's character and writing. Possessed by a certain thought, which has doubtless its elements of truth in it, he so rages round it, exaggerates it, yet fills it with so burning a sincerity that he produces it in the form of exquisite literature, with the sentiment of fanaticism filling its meaning. We regret that for the present we have no space to devote further to a consideration of this charming book. In what we have said we have but struck the keynote; we must reserve the harmonies and their consideration for a future occasion.

A charming little exhibition is that recently opened by Mr. Burrington at the St. George's Gallery, in which are gathered together nearly fifty works by various foreign masters. First and foremost, we are inclined to select Daubigny's "Banks of the Oise," which incontestably ranks among that extraordinary artist's most extraordinary masterpieces. In some literary way, although the water here visible is only the water of a lovely and friendly river, you are reminded of the poem "Crossing the Bar." As in the first few lines of that poem, there is a sense about this picture of perfect tranquillity and peace—the tranquillity of a tranquil dream. The sky is softened into a broad peacefulness, the cattle move slowly to the water, and the river flows and flows towards the sea, quietly, steadily, without pause, without haste. The modelling,

the colour, the composition, the tone, are so exquisite technically that you forget them all in the mere poetry of the canvas. "*Quel poète!*" you exclaim with Berlioz.

There is a Corot, a study in brown, called "Solitude," which has much of the most delicious quality of that great poet and painter, whose refinement and beauty of mind surpass, for these qualities alone, the gifts of all other painters. There should not be forgotten, either, an extraordinarily beautiful Cazin, called "The Windmill by the Sea," which has about it some of the most interior and intimate qualities of the best painting. Meanwhile, the gallery is well worth an inexpensive visit.



"IF MUSIC BE THE FOOD OF LOVE, PLAY ON."—G. G. KILBURNE.

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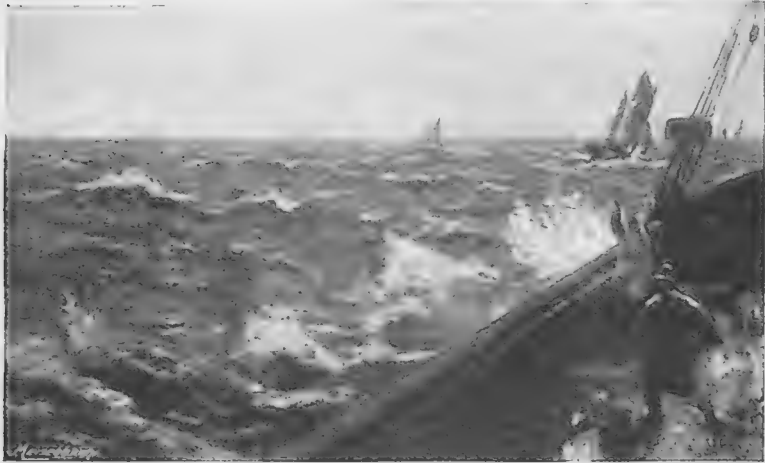


MISS MARIE STUDHOLME.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. AND D. DOWNEY, EBURY STREET, S.W.

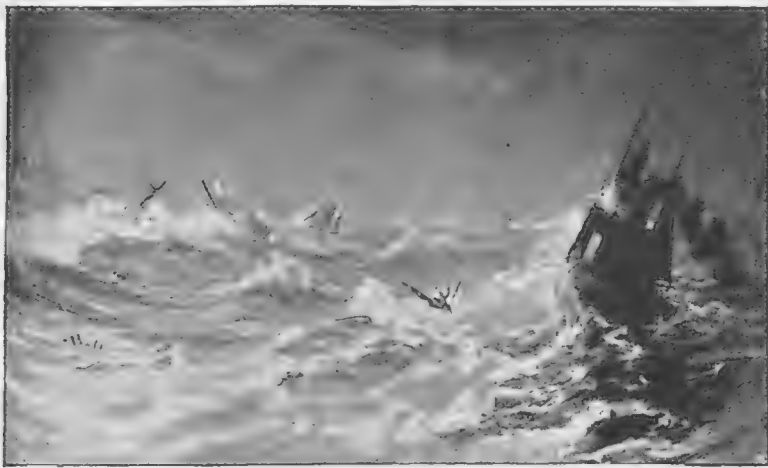
## MR. T. M. HEMY'S PICTURES OF THE DOGGER BANK.

Midway between Hull and Heligoland, tourists to Norway or the Baltic who have found their "sea-legs" cannot fail to be attracted by a patch of broken water on the horizon to which their steamer gives a wide



A BIT OF A DUST-UP.

berth. No matter from what quarter the wind blows, there is always unrest and often worse around this spot. The waves and currents seem to meet there with the sole object of lashing themselves into fury over an unseen bank of sand. But, deterrent as this temple of the winds and waters is to the passing ship, it is the rendezvous of fishermen throughout the year. It is the famous Dogger Bank, which supplies



BLACK WEDNESDAY.

England, Holland, and Germany with a large portion of the fish consumed in those countries, and here, among innumerable and often unforeseen perils, the fishermen ply their trade. A strange ground for a painter to choose, but, as Mr. Tom Hemy shows us (in his exhibition at Mr. Mendoza's Gallery, King Street, St. James's), one full of beauty and incident, and the gathering-in of the harvest of the sea can afford subjects as full of interest and sentiment as the cornfields and



BACCY AND LITERATURE.



A PATIENT.

hay-meadows of the dry land. The changes of colour in both sea and sky; from dull lead colour to the blackest purple, are unceasing; the quaint, slow-moving Dutch pinks, the square, yet trim-built Yarmouth trawlers, the heavier, but not always safer, Hull or Grimsby-built boats, give variety and life to the scene; while the North Sea Hospital ships and the Deep-Sea Mission vessels show that the wants of the bold fishermen are not uncared for by those who at home enjoy the product of their labours. Mr. Hemy has been happy, not only in the choice of his sketching ground, but in the use he has made of it. He



"WHERE THERE'S LIFE, THERE'S HOPE."

has brought vividly before our eyes the daily life of a class who, until recently, have been left to pursue their often dangerous calling without any adequate recognition. From time to time our sympathies are aroused by the story of some such disaster as that of "Black Wednesday," when twenty-seven vessels from Hull and thirteen from Grimsby were lost with all hands on board. Happily, such wholesale disasters are of rare occurrence, but every winter brings with it its own tale of loss and suffering. It is as well, therefore, that we should have brought before our eyes the price to others at which our comforts have to be obtained. The daily routine sounds simple, but every part in it is marked with danger. The smaller trawlers are out all night round the bank, first on one tack and then on the other. At five o'clock "the Admiral" signals, the trawls are taken in, the fish selected, and packed in boxes. Each smack in succession drops down on the larger cutters, which are hanging round, and the fish is transferred to them, which, in turn, take their cargoes off to the steamers, which lie some distance off. In the heavy seas which beat round the banks the transhipment of the fish in great boxes weighing 100 lb. is dangerous work.



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# THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



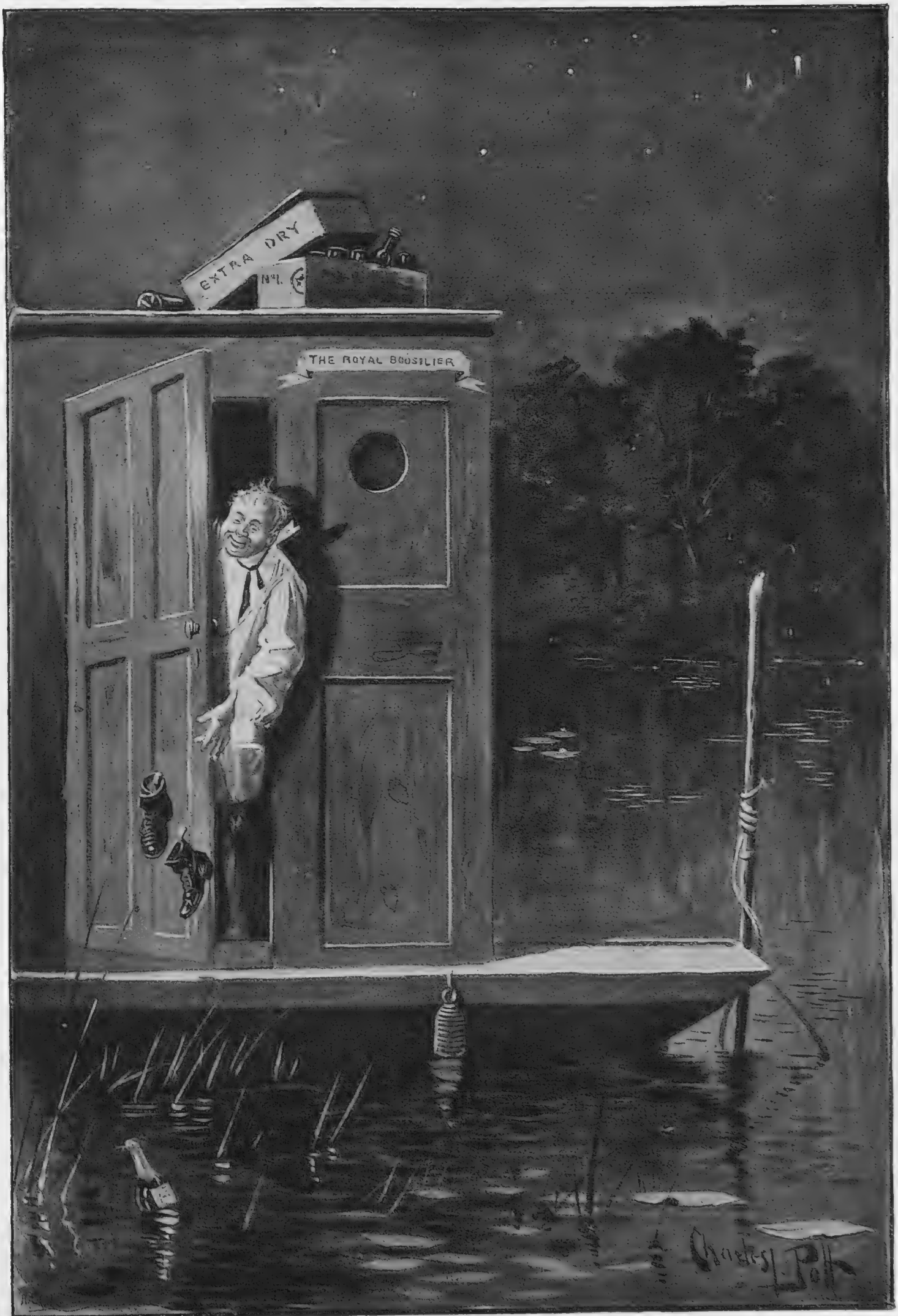
TOURIST : " Fine head that child 's got. He 'll be a Gladstone."

FOND MOTHER : " Drat the man ! that can't be. His father 's a Conservative."



Miss Meadows: "Who are those men who have just come ashore in that boat, and are giving themselves such airs? Peers?"  
 Mr. Brimblecorn: "Landed gentry, I think."





AFTER HENLEY.

Old Brimful never forgets to put his boots outside the door.



HE : " You liked Henley, then ? "

SHE ; " Oh ! yes ; but why don't they have that stupid boat-racing at another time of the year ? It 's such a nuisance, you know. "



## JOURNALS AND JOURNALISTS OF TO-DAY.—XXI.

# The Sun

The editor's room is just what I like: there is no cold-blooded look of careful arrangement about it, no apple-pie order. I do not like apples or pies, but simply a place for everything and everything out of it; so, naturally, my first question to Mr. O'Connor was as to whether he is an orderly man.

"Not the least in the world, quite disorderly. I was never tidy or methodical. I always put off till to-morrow what ought to be done to-day. Yet, it's only fair to myself—one must always be fair to some-one—to say that I have never broken a political or journalistic engagement. And, put it down by all means, I believe I am worked harder



Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

MR. T. P. O'CONNOR, M.P.

than any man alive—day after day, and night after night as well. I worked twenty hours over my 'Life of Lord Beaconsfield,' writing till 4 a.m., and getting up at 8 a.m. to write again."

"And I suppose you've ruined your digestion in the process?"

"You have me there," he answered; "for twenty years I've not eaten a square meal without discomfort afterwards."

"And everyone knows you've plenty of politics," I added pleasantly. "Smoke?"

"Not much; a cigarette now and then, for company's sake. Tobacco tells on my nerves, which are very sensitive."

"Overwork, of course. Yes, no doubt, Mr. O'Connor, you say you feel quite fit and can work as hard as ever, but it will kill you in the end. 'Premature Death of a Journalist at Ninety-nine' will be on the board, I suppose?"

"Come, now, what do you want to know about me? All about the *Suns*? It's a large order."

"Well, who are your chief workers? I know Mr. Hibbert is the dramatic critic. Mrs. Rowlands, I fancy, is the musical critic on the weekly. But who are the actual workers on the papers?"

"Mr. Louis Tracy is assistant-editor of the *Sun*. He is thirty-one years of age, born in Liverpool, bred in the North Riding of Yorkshire, and educated in France. Eleven years ago he joined the staff of the

*North-Eastern Daily Gazette* of Middlesbrough, but soon left that journal for the *Northern Echo* of Darlington. In 1886 he went to Cardiff, and became chief of the staff of the *South Wales Daily News*. In 1889 he was offered and accepted the editorship of the *Morning Post*, an important Anglo-Indian newspaper, published at Allahabad, in the North-West Provinces. He travelled a good deal while in the East, edited Charles Marvin's 'Letters in Central Asia,' and wrote a book, 'What I Saw in India: The Adventures of a Globe-Trotter,' which enjoyed considerable reputation in Anglo-Indian circles. He has contributed articles and short stories to the *Idler*, the *Pall Mall Magazine*, *Chambers's Journal*, and many other periodicals. He went in a good deal for hunting and shooting while in India, and has gone through more varied experiences than usually fall to the lot of a journalist. A short story of his which appeared in the first issue of the *Weekly Sun* led to my acquaintance with him and to the offer of the assistant-editorship of the *Sun*, with which paper he has been hourly associated since its start on June 27, 1893. It might, perhaps, be of interest to note that he is the journalistic sponsor of the phrase 'the living wage,' which, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, has been 'an effective war-cry for labour since it skipped effulgent from the columns of the *Sun*.'

"Mr. Harry Jones is my assistant-editor on the *Weekly Sun*. He was born at Llanelly, in South Wales, 1866, and passed straight from school to the Press. After some years' association with a country weekly, with duties infinitely varied, reports of police-courts and bazaars alternating with leading articles distinguished more by fierceness than by grace, came a very successful connection with the provincial daily Press. For six years Mr. Jones was on the staff of the *South Wales Daily News*, acting successively as chief sub-editor and assistant-editor of that powerful organ of Welsh Liberalism. He now professes to be proud to be considered as one of my 'young lions,' and is full of enthusiasm for our chief ideal, which is to unite journalism and literature. *Inter alia*, it may be added that Mr. Jones is a profound believer in the potentialities of the Cymric race, from which he springs.

"Mr. D. Wolff is my assistant-manager. Like so many other capable journalists now holding good positions in London, he graduated in the provincial school. Mine is a staff of young men, as Mr. Wolff is only thirty-one, and during seventeen years of his life he passed from a desk in the commercial department of the *Eastern Morning News* at Hull to the responsible posts of secretary and general manager. Although I have not long had the co-operation of Mr. Wolff, I have already found his services invaluable.

"I must also mention Mr. Kennedy Jones, news editor of the *Sun*, and Mr. J. C. Foulger, our specialist on London and Labour politics, to both of whom I am much indebted for their help."

"Do you like barrel-organs?" I asked, for an abominable grinding noise came up from the street, and the moribund strains of "The Man that Broke the Bank" reached my wearied ears, and rendered conversation difficult. "I should think you could send him away under the 1864 Act."

"Well, but," he answered, "he doesn't disturb me. I rather like it. Remember, it is the music of the poor." Yet Mr. O'Connor thinks that he has sensitive nerves.

"I suppose 'The Book of the Week' is the popular feature?"

"Yes; few papers have ever had such a successful feature. I get letters of congratulation from all sorts of people about it, enthusiastic letters from every quarter of the world."

"Yes, I know, from all the lands illuminated by the *Sun*, from 'India's coral strand' and—"

"I don't swear to 'Greenland's icy mountains,' but from every post-haunted place on the globe. Yes; I write it always myself, except for two or three numbers in the autumn, when I'm taking my annual vacation, short or long. Last year it was only a fortnight. Of course, it's a lot of trouble; but, unlike most editors, I'm fond of writing. I never do less than ten columns in the week for the paper. Am I a quick writer? Well, I always use a typewriter, and don't dictate. I find it much quicker than hand-writing. No; I won't mention the make of the machine; it would look like an advertisement. I can knock off a column in forty to forty-five minutes."

"I'd like to race you against Mr. Clement Scott. I find that 900 words in the hour is hard work."



Photo by Parisian School, Fleet Street, E.C.

MR. LOUIS TRACY.

"It's rough," he said thoughtfully; "but some people affect a wonder at my doing the books, and suggest that I'm only a journalist, not a literary man."

"Literature and journalism are first-cousins, you know, and quarrel, like most near relatives. It's curious that it's the poor relative who turns up his nose the higher."

"They're growing more friendly," he replied, "even tending to merge. Book-reviewing to me is only returning to one's first love. I was a slow growth as a writer. Up to my twenty-fifth year, or even later, I was a reader much more than a writer. I have got up, when I was a reporter, at six o'clock in the morning to read Plato. And now"—with a sigh—"I should find it hard to translate a sentence of even simple Greek. When was I born, and where? At Athlone, in 1848, the year of Louis Philippe's abdication. I went to the Queen's University, now the Royal, and took my degree when eighteen. Greek, French, German, and literature were my strong points. I should have gone in for the Home Civil Service, but it required a nomination in those days. Simply with an idea of self-improvement, I studied shorthand for two years—used to get up at six to work at it. I've taken down 'The Vicar of Wakefield' and all Robertson's histories from dictation. Yet, I'd no idea of becoming a journalist."

"The journalist is made by accident, not born," I remarked.

"However, I got connected with *Saunders's News-Letter*, an old Tory paper, now dead. In those days, so far as non-political work went, men worked on the reporting staff of papers without regard to their politics or religion, and Catholics reported for Protestant papers and *vice-versa*. Of course, we've grown more bitter now. After three years of it, without any chance of progress, I determined to try my luck in London. So in July, 1870, when the French set out to subdue Germany, I started, with six pounds in my pocket, to conquer London—three weeks' salary it was in advance. I took a return ticket—dead waste of money—reached my future home with four pounds. For some time I tramped about London seeking for work and watching my little capital dwindle away despite the severest economy. In those days journalism was a close borough, and it was very hard to get at editors. However, I got an introduction to Mr. Thornton Hunt, son of Leigh Hunt, and through him to Mr. Lawson, and became assistant in the foreign editing department of the *Daily Telegraph*. My first task was the translation from the German of the despatch announcing the result of the battle of Sedan."

My interviewee got up and walked about the room and gave something of a sigh.

"My struggles weren't over; indeed, I passed afterwards through some cruel years, doing all sorts of work—even writing 'penny dreadfuls.' For years after I came to London I remained a hermit and bookworm, without an interest in anything less dignified than literature—in fact, I had hardly a friend, and sought none. In 1880 I went into Parliament. My first book? 'The Life of Lord Beaconsfield.' I was advised to write 'Scenes in the House' when I applied for the post of literary reader. I was frightened at the idea of writing a book—books seemed to me such solemn things, to require such grave, serious meditation. Nevertheless, I went to the British Museum, and, for 'Scenes in the House,' looked up Beaconsfield's first speech, and then the papers about his election. The subject took hold of me, and I started writing, and stuck to it like grim death till I'd finished 'The Life of Lord Beaconsfield.'"

"You've told me you're a hard worker—do you like work?"

"Do I like work? No; but I'm happy when working. I'm not good at amusing myself. I like a game of cards after dinner as a digestive—some simple game—and I've got a friend who sometimes comes in to play with me; my wife and stepson won't. I rather like whist, but not *à la* Sarah Battle. I ride a little, both on horse and 'trike,' but I began too late for skill. You can't make jockeys out

of thirty-eight-year-olds. I hate walking. Can I work as hard as ever? I don't know, but I spoke fifty nights running last election. However, pray remember that I have never talked myself of my work. I always dread a chance interviewer like you, because you put my thoughts in your own bright and vigorous language, and the result is sometimes startlingly egotistic in tone. I was interviewed once by Mr. Stead, when he was in prison, and the next day I hid myself: I found myself addressing the world after so infallible, cocksure, and lofty a fashion that I blushed at

my own image. I was Steadesque, not statuesque; and, though I admire Mr. Stead, I prefer to speak in my own character. Pray, don't do me the same disfavour. Other books? I edited part of 'The Cabinet of Irish Literature,' and you remember my 'Life of Parnell.' 'The Life of Lord Beaconsfield' I did twice."

"Won't you tell me something about yourself and the *Star*?"

He did not seem delighted by the question.

"The paper was entirely my idea, and I worked out every bit of it, down to settling the picture for the posters and the prices of the

advertisements. You know what a success I made of it, and then—why did I give it up? That's a painful subject. I've never given the tale to the world yet, and I always will resent the way I was treated. However, if I resent, I don't regret. Look here, if you were a young man I should say to you, 'Cultivate enemies rather than friends. You can rely on *them*, and they'll prove your best friends, as their conduct will stimulate your energies, and spur you on to action and work.'"

"Why didn't you start a daily at once?"

"I couldn't. I was bound for three years, so I brought out the *Sunday Sun* to begin with. Now,



Photo by Scannell, Fleet Street, E.C.

MR. D. WOLFF.

as well as the *Sun*, we have four editions of the *Weekly Sun*—one on Thursday, one on Friday, and two on Saturday. The last of them, of course, is really a Sunday paper, and I make every effort that it shall be not only a literary journal, but really a newspaper, in the fullest sense of the word—a Sunday daily paper, combined with a literary journal. I have had a severe struggle. The commercial depression has been heavily against us; but we've turned the corner, and are now sailing along gaily with the wind. Politics? Isn't it best to leave out politics? Plans? Mr. *Sketch*, you've far too large a circulation for me to tell you my plans."

"There's a wreath over there tied with red, white, and blue ribbons. May I ask when you wore it?"

"Well, I never exactly wore it, but it's one of many sent to us on the birthday of the daily *Sun*. I'm proud to say its birth was hailed with enthusiasm by thousands. A journalist makes many friends—and enemies."

Fearing that the last word would be applied to me if I stayed any longer, I left him to attend the dozen people who were "waiting just a minute" in the next room.

MONOCLE.



Photo by J. Long, Queen Street, Cardiff.

MR. HARRY JONES.

## THE SUN.

Mr. O'Connor's paper, as the revival of "Money" at the Garrick Theatre has helped to remind us, is not the first *Sun* that has shone on London. In 1792 an evening newspaper of this name was started at the instigation of Pitt, and for a time it blazed with the most violent Tory opinions, although it soon justified the remark of the *Edinburgh Review* that "The *Sun* appears daily, but never shines." But under Murdo Young, whom Mr. Fox Bourne has described as "a pioneer in one phase of modern journalism," it afterwards changed its politics. Young used to publish later news than his rivals, for he would keep his men at work till eleven at night, in order to publish on the same evening a report of the day's proceedings in Parliament; and he also "established a system of expressses stretching all round London, and even as far as Manchester and Bristol, and was thus able to anticipate the morning papers by at least twelve hours, both in the collection and in the distribution of news." In the first quarter of this century the *Globe*, which is still with us, was the great rival of the *Sun*, the heading of which is here reproduced. Of course, the paper was very different from its energetic namesake of to-day. What would a Conservative newspaper of to-day say to this extract from the issue of July 20, 1797?—

Sir William Pulteney's ideas of the duties of a British Senator are truly curious. We would advise the worthy Baronet to refer to the origin of Parliament—to the History of those Times when the enjoyment of a Seat in the House of Commons was deemed an onerous distinction, and when Members were accordingly paid to support the burden.







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## A RISING WATERING-PLACE—BEXHILL-ON-SEA.

Bexhill-on-Sea is rapidly gaining a reputation as a seaside resort, though it is only within the last few years that visitors to the south coast have realised the attractions and healthfulness of the district, which is situated about three miles on the London side of St. Leonards-on-Sea. The Medical Officer of Health reports that the population has more than



OLD WALNUT-TREE, BEXHILL.

trebled in the last five years, that the present death-rate is but 11 per 1000, and that not a single death has occurred in the past twelve months from infectious disease. The old town of Bexhill is of very ancient origin, and the whole of the surrounding country abounds in historical interest. Within three miles and a-half, on the east side, is the town of Hastings, with all its attractions, and on the west is the delightful town of Eastbourne. The sea-fishing off Bexhill is excellent, and nearly all descriptions of British fish are to be found in Pevensey Bay. There is no district in England which can boast of so many ancient strongholds—Battle Abbey being within a walking distance

a grand old grove of vigorous chestnuts. The building, one of the very first English edifices constructed of brick, is of singular interest. It is in the form of a castle, and was built in the fifteenth century by Sir Roger de Fiennes, a knight who fought at Agincourt. The moat, which had a drawbridge, the turreted gateway, the guard-room, and the inner and outer courts have an aspect of being intended for defence, while the oriel window of a private chapel and the great kitchen, bake-house, and oven prove that the owner was a person of wealth and station.



BELLE HILL, BEXHILL.

Pevensey Castle is of great historical interest, as being originally a Roman fortress, upon the ruins of which the Normans built a castle, and the ruins of the latter now remain. Pevensey was one of the great Roman strongholds, and the Saxons and Normans subsequently used it as such. Even at the present day the military authorities consider the Bexhill district of great strategical importance, as under the recent Volunteer mobilisation scheme a greater number of Volunteers have been allotted to Bexhill than any other district in the kingdom.

But the great advantage of Bexhill-on-Sea to visitors requiring a summer holiday is its open and bracing aspect, with its magnificent



CHANTRY LANE, OLD BEXHILL.

or a short drive, and also Bodiam Castle, one of the most perfect moated fortresses remaining in England. A deep fosse, filled by the river Rother, encircles it, which gives the place a more picturesque appearance than any other of its kind in England. Within driving distance are also Hurstmonceux Castle and Pevensey Castle. The former derives its name from Waleran de Monceux, its first Norman proprietor. The position of Hurstmonceux is remarkable for its quiet beauty. It lies in a coombe, or valley, from which, on every side, rise up low, wooded hills. A dry moat surrounds it, and beyond flourishes



THE SACKVILLE HOTEL, BEXHILL-ON-SEA.

promenade and beach, and a long stretch of sand, which is safe for bathing at all times of the tide. It also possesses one of the finest hotels on the south coast, the Sackville, which is excellently managed, and the charges are most reasonable for a first-class hotel. Attached to it are excellent golf-links and numerous tennis-courts, and extensive stabling, well supplied with hacks and carriages of every description, so that there is nothing lacking to those who require a healthful and an invigorating holiday. The place has not only made its mark with summer visitors, but it is also likely in future to gain much popularity as a winter resort.

## THE WORLD OF SPORT.

## CRICKET.

There should be no happier cricketer in the wide, wide world than C. B. Fry, the captain of Oxford University. To be the captain of the winning side is given to few; to score a hundred "not out" in a Varsity match is to claim for one's self a niche in the gallery of cricketing Immortals. Mr. Fry has done all these things and more: he has compassed all kinds of athletic exploits, including the triple Blue in cricket, football, and athletics, and a first-class in Classical Moderations. These are, perhaps, the only kind of moderations of which he is capable. Everything else he does *in excelsis*, as, for instance, in his world's record jump of 23 ft. 6½ in. How delightful to be all this and only twenty-three!

In a Varsity match distinguished chiefly by indifferent cricket, only a few men can hope to be remembered by their performances in it. Of these, G. J. Mordaunt showed, perhaps, the best form with the bat in his 54 for once out. I understand this clever young batsman has been asked to play for Kent, a county already strong in amateurs, but not strong enough to be able to dispense with such a treasure as the Dark Blue batsman. F. A. Phillips, who scored 78 for Oxford at the first attempt, is a dashing player, who may be able to give his services to Essex. Mr. Fry, I might have stated, is qualified for Surrey.

Of the Oxford bowlers, L. C. V. Bathurst and G. R. Bardswell carried off the honours. The latter, I believe, has been asked to play for Lancashire, and in the present deplorable condition of the northern county he should be of some assistance in the attack.

On the Cambridge side, I thought that P. H. Latham did not lead his forces as skilfully and pluckily as some of his predecessors. In batting, J. Du V. Brunton and J. Douglas were not only most successful, but showed, perhaps, the best form. Strange to relate, F. Mitchell, whose batting feats were in everyone's mouth a few weeks ago, only shaped indifferently with the bat, but was the most successful bowler on his side. He, of course, is also a Yorks county player, but at the present moment it would be difficult to know whom to leave out of the county team in order to give the Cambridge Freshman a place.

Although W. G. Grace, jun., just failed to get his place in the Cambridge eleven, he should be pretty sure of getting his Blue next year. The fairness of his bowling has been questioned in some quarters, but a couple of our best professional umpires have declared his deliveries to be perfectly fair. It is a pity that junior W. G. should have to wear spectacles in the field. One might also ask where he picked up his clumsy style of batting? Certainly not from his father.

After two weeks' rest from county matches, Surrey open the ball again at the Oval against Leicestershire to-morrow. It is rather odd that, with the exception of Middlesex, Surrey should have found Sussex more difficult to beat than any of the other counties; but, then, the seaside men always did revel on a hard wicket, and, no doubt, the absence of Richardson from the Surrey ranks assisted Sussex to fight it out to the bitter end. In this match Brockwell was again to the front with a fine innings of 93.

Essex made a fair fight with Yorkshire at Leyton, the other day, although they were ultimately defeated by six wickets. Perhaps the feature of the match was the extraordinary stand made by Kortright and Pickett, who put on 91 runs for the last wicket. Kortright's modest contribution was 86 (not out); so that while he may have gone off slightly in his bowling, the Essex amateur has come on immensely in batting. Essex play their return fixture with Yorks at Halifax to-morrow. Last season the Essex men won their match in the north, but it is almost too much to expect them to repeat the feat this year.

Speaking of Yorks reminds me of a glorious feat by F. S. Jackson. He has long been getting into his best form; but while playing for his county against Notts, the other day, he scored 145 without giving a chance. Now that the ex-Cambridge captain has found his run-getting bat, we are not unlikely to hear of a few more century scores. Pity he could not have done something like this against Surrey.

The meeting of Notts and Somerset at the lace capital to-morrow will produce only a languid interest. Notts are hopelessly out of the championship, and, as Somerset may do fairly, no one expects them to come out at the top this season, at least.

The second and last of our great Society matches will be played at Lord's on Friday and Saturday next. I refer to the annual match between Eton and Harrow. Eton performed fairly well against Winchester, whom they defeated by five wickets. Their best all-round man—or should I say boy—is C. C. Pilkington, who scored 76 runs, and took nine wickets for 88. In order to keep this match of a select nature, the entrance to the ground is half-a-crown.

## ATHLETICS.

The Yale athletic team, who are to meet the Oxford University men next Monday at Queen's Club, Kensington, have been practising with great assiduity on the Oxford University running grounds, and excellent reports come to hand of the well-trained athletes from across the "pond."

The Yale team consists of Pond, 100 and 440 yards; Woodhull, half-mile; Morgan, one mile; L. Cady, 120 yards hurdles; Hickok and Brown, throwing the hammer and putting the shot; Sheldon, long jump; E. Cady, high jump.

Oxford team—G. Jordan (University), C. B. Fry (Wadham), 100 yards; G. Jordan (University), H. Sykes (Christ Church) 440 yards;

F. W. Rathbone (New), or W. H. Hallowes (University), W. H. Greenhow (Exeter), half-mile; G. M. Hildyard (University), W. H. Greenhow (Exeter), one mile; W. J. Oakley (Christ Church), T. G. Scott (Hertford), 120 yards hurdles; G. A. Gardner (New), or C. B. Fry (Wadham), E. D. Swanwick (University), high jump; W. J. Oakley (Christ Church), C. B. Fry (Wadham), long jump; D. H. Meggy (Christ Church), A. F. Maling (Exeter), putting the weight; G. S. Robertson (New), throwing the hammer. Most of the Oxonians are training at Brighton.

At the Oxford-Cambridge Inter-University Athletic Meeting, held at the Queen's Club ground last March, the records made were—

EVENT.	PERFORMANCE.	WINNER.	UNIVERSITY.
100-yards dash ...	10 3-5 sec. ...	Jordan ...	Oxford.
440-yards dash ...	50 4-5 sec. ...	Jordan ...	Oxford.
1 mile run ...	4 min. 19 4-5 sec. ...	Lutysens ...	Cambridge.
120-yards hurdle ...	16 3-5 sec. ...	Oakley ...	Oxford.
Broad jump ...	22 ft. 4 in. ...	Fry ...	Oxford.
High jump ...	5 ft. 10½ in. ...	Swanwick ...	Oxford.
16 lb. hammer ...	101 ft. 4½ in. ...	Robertson ...	Oxford.
16 lb. shot ...	36 ft. 6 in. ...	Rivers ...	Oxford.

At the Inter-Collegiate Games in New York, May 24, the Yale men's records were as follows. Where they did not come in first, of course, no time can be given—

EVENT.	PERFORMANCE.	WINNER.
100-yards dash ...	No place ...	—
440-yards dash ...	Second place ...	G. F. Sandford.
1-mile run ...	Second place: Time, under 4 min. 30 sec. ...	J. E. Morgan.
½-mile run ...	Second place ...	W. S. Woodhull.
120-yards hurdle ...	16 sec. ...	E. H. Cady.
Broad jump ...	No place ...	—
High Jump ...	No place ...	—
16-lb. hammer ...	123 ft. 9 in. ...	W. O. Hickok.
16-lb. shot ...	42 ft. ...	W. O. Hickok.

## AQUATICS.

Henley has once more come and gone, bringing unusual outdoor experiences to many and delight to all. The brilliant weather gave the week a charming setting of sunshine, and everything was as successful as could well be. The entries were not quite so numerous as last year, and the diminution in races prevented the hurry and scurry which are so



A SCENE AT HENLEY: FIXING UP THE LANTERNS.

out of place in this feast of languid laziness. Vivian and Guy Nickalls were again the heroes of the occasion, and scored triumph after triumph in their usual manner. A good proportion of American visitors were on board the house-boats, which in the evening presented a very pretty sight, with lanterns alight and music of all varieties sounding from their decks. There were several boating accidents, all, fortunately, slight. On Wednesday Lady Jeune was present, looking delighted with the freedom from more conventional pursuits. She had an opportunity of forming an opinion on house-boat conversation, too, for there was plenty of it circulating in her neighbourhood. It was a pity that for the Wyfold Challenge Cup Balliol had so little opportunity for display, as the London Rowing Club boat smashed its bow rigger and retired, leaving Balliol to paddle solemnly home.

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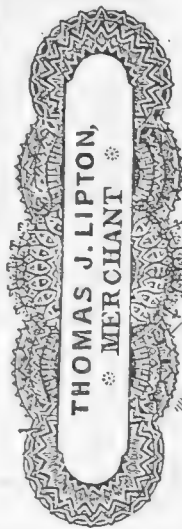
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## RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

The alliterative gentlemen will be able to write of gay, glorious, gorgeous Goodwood this year, as the company, it is reckoned, will be the largest and the most fashionable that has assembled in the Ducal Park for many years. I believe even the Duchess of York is to be present, and her Royal Highness will, I am sure, come in for a right royal welcome from the crowd. The Prince of Wales is quite at home at Goodwood. He always appears on the balcony in front of Goodwood House after the races to see the line of carriages return to Chichester.

As I have mentioned many times before, the racing at Goodwood this year will be poor, and I am afraid we must not expect an improvement at the Sussex meeting until the prizes are bigger and more handicaps are introduced. One little matter in connection with the management of the meeting I would like to draw Lord March's attention to. The majority of the garden-seats at the lower end of the enclosure are labelled, "For the use of Visitors to Goodwood House." This is hard lines on those ladies and gentlemen who, not being visitors to Goodwood House, pay for admission to the enclosure, and cannot find seating accommodation.

The new member of the Jockey Club, Lord Derby, is going in for racing strongly, so is his son, Lord Stanley. The father's colours are

black, white cap, and Lord Stanley's black, white belt and cap. Lord Derby has not up to now owned anything like a first-class race-horse, but he has shown liberality in his recent purchases, and we may expect to see him worthily represented in the classic races of the near future, and there is every reason to hope he will succeed in winning big races, as his ancestors have done before him. Lord Derby, like the Earl of Sefton, takes the liveliest interest in the Liverpool meetings, and he entertains largely at Knowsley Hall for these reasons, while he has lately had built at Aintree his own private



Photo by Fradelle and Young, Regent Street.  
THE EARL OF DERBY.

stand. His Lordship has shown by his good work in the world of politics and by the able manner in which he filled the office of Governor-General of Canada that he is possessed of telling administrative ability, and when he comes to fill the responsible office of Steward to the Jockey Club I am certain he will do his duty ably and well. It is owners like Lord Derby and Lord Stanley who are badly wanted on the Turf just now, to act as a sort of antidote to the modern school of gamblers, who know not love of the horse for the horse's sake, but who would use the thoroughbred as dice.

Following jockeys' mounts has not proved a very profitable speculation since Fred Archer's time, and very few persons indulge in the expensive luxury nowadays. A friend of mine has gone thoroughly into the value of each jockey's mounts this year up to the end of June, and he finds that Colling and J. Watts would have paid to follow on their merits apart from any system. There is no mistake about it, Watts is the most efficient jockey of our day. If the horse is good enough, he will get him home. He does not know what swagger means.

The majority of sportsmen will regret the severance of the Duke of Devonshire and the Duchess of Montrose from the Turf. The "all-scarlet" of the latter has not been seen in the race very often during recent years, but I cannot think her Grace has lost much by her racing speculations, as her breeding stud must have brought in a huge sum first and last. The Duke of Devonshire has, I think, spent more than he should have done on second-rate horses. It is acknowledged that only professional gamblers can make selling-platers pay.

With one or two notable exceptions, bookmakers seldom meet with any luck as owners of racehorses. True, Mr. C. Hibbert seems to make his horses pay, and so does Mr. J. T. Whipp; but these are the only professionals, I think, who do any good with their racing studs. Again, many of the professional backers lose money directly they go in for owning horses, and it is seldom we see the colours of Johnny O'Neill and Arthur Cooper carried now.

It will be noticed that the only race meeting to be held on August Bank Holiday is to take place at Windsor. I am delighted to think those very popular Clerks of the Course, the Messrs. Frail, have the fixture, which is a valuable one. At the same time, the Cockney's convenience should be studied a little bit, and a meeting at Kempton would have suited the real East-Enders much better. Further, the excursion traffic to Windsor for the Castle is heavy on a Bank Holiday, and I hope the railway people will not allow this to suffer on account of the race meeting.

## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

The question of the hour in literary circles is the revolt of the circulating libraries. This had been long foreseen, but the storm has burst somewhat suddenly. For the last few years the libraries have been reducing their orders. Some months ago, I talked the matter over with two of the chief three-volume novel publishers, one English, the other Scotch. Both gentlemen assured me that, where they formerly had orders for 500 copies of a new novel, they were now thankful to have orders for 250. They had hopes, however, that the clearing away of the commercial depression might bring the good old times back. This, however, is not to be.

What the libraries ask is that they should have the three-volume novels supplied at three shillings less, and that cheap editions should not be published for a year. Let us see how this would work. The firms which do the best business in the three-volume novels are very chary of cheap re-issues. They are satisfied with a fair and safe profit, so they confine themselves, as a rule, to editions of 500 copies. If these are sold, the author may get £75. This new regulation will sweep the author's profit away, and the chances are that much respectable work will now cease to have its opportunity. New authors will suffer from this, for they often found that a good beginning was made in this way.

But popular writers, it is said, may issue their books at six shillings or at three-and-sixpence. They may; but the authors who command a remunerative sale at that price are very few. A six-shilling book pays, ordinarily, its expenses when a thousand copies are sold, and a three-and-sixpenny volume when two thousand copies are sold. But, unless the circulation goes much higher than that, the remuneration is small. As for two-shilling volumes, it is sufficient to say that the two greatest fiction publishers do not issue books in that form at all, though they own copyrights which might be utilised if there were the smallest hope of earning a good profit.

As for serial rights—the price of which has been pushed so high by literary agents during the last ten years—I am afraid the prospect is not very bright. The New Magazinish does not, as a rule, care to meddle with serials. It is thought advantageous that each number shall be complete in itself. Syndicates are reducing the price of serial fiction very much. On the whole, the somewhat depressing conclusion is forced upon one that publishers and authors must take their share of the prevailing depression.

"An Imaged World" should attract readers and buyers by its prettiness. Messrs. Dent have done their best for it, and Mr. Ryde's drawings of moorland, orchard, and sea are charming. In naming the illustrator's and the publishers' parts first, there is no thought of disparagement to Mr. Garnett, the author's part. Only the merits of the artist and the publishers are easily decided on, and Mr. Garnett's contribution raises doubts.

"An Imaged World" is a series of poems in prose. That makes us at once suspicious, and we ask, if poems, why not, then, in poetry? This is unjust, for, of course, the absolute limitation of poetry to metrical forms is impossible, and that much good poetry exists in prose is, in spite of theories to the contrary, a truism. But one's suspicions are justifiable, nevertheless; for without the wholesome bonds of metre the expression of sentiment is wont to run wild; undisciplined, it is apt to end merely in fine language. And there is nothing so easy as this kind of writing. It does not demand the intellectual effort needed for narrative, construction, or exposition; nor the artistic skill, selection, and restraint necessary for the making of a good lyric. Rhapsody is always self-deceiving.

Mr. Garnett has not been altogether carried away, however, by the temptations of the form he has chosen. His prose essays, in praise of Nature and the beloved, with their reiterated cry, "Flee from the press!" nearly always mean something worth expressing, and a few of them have both originality and charm. "O my White-Thorn Blossom set in a jealous hedge, hard is the plucking of thee from thy friend," and "She is a little White-Thorn Tree, standing alone on a round green hill, under a stormy sky, and I, casting my heart up to her, aching in all its core," are types of many pretty touches. But what we miss most is variety. Prose, save in the hands of great masters, has few tones: verse, in the hands of even little masters, has many.

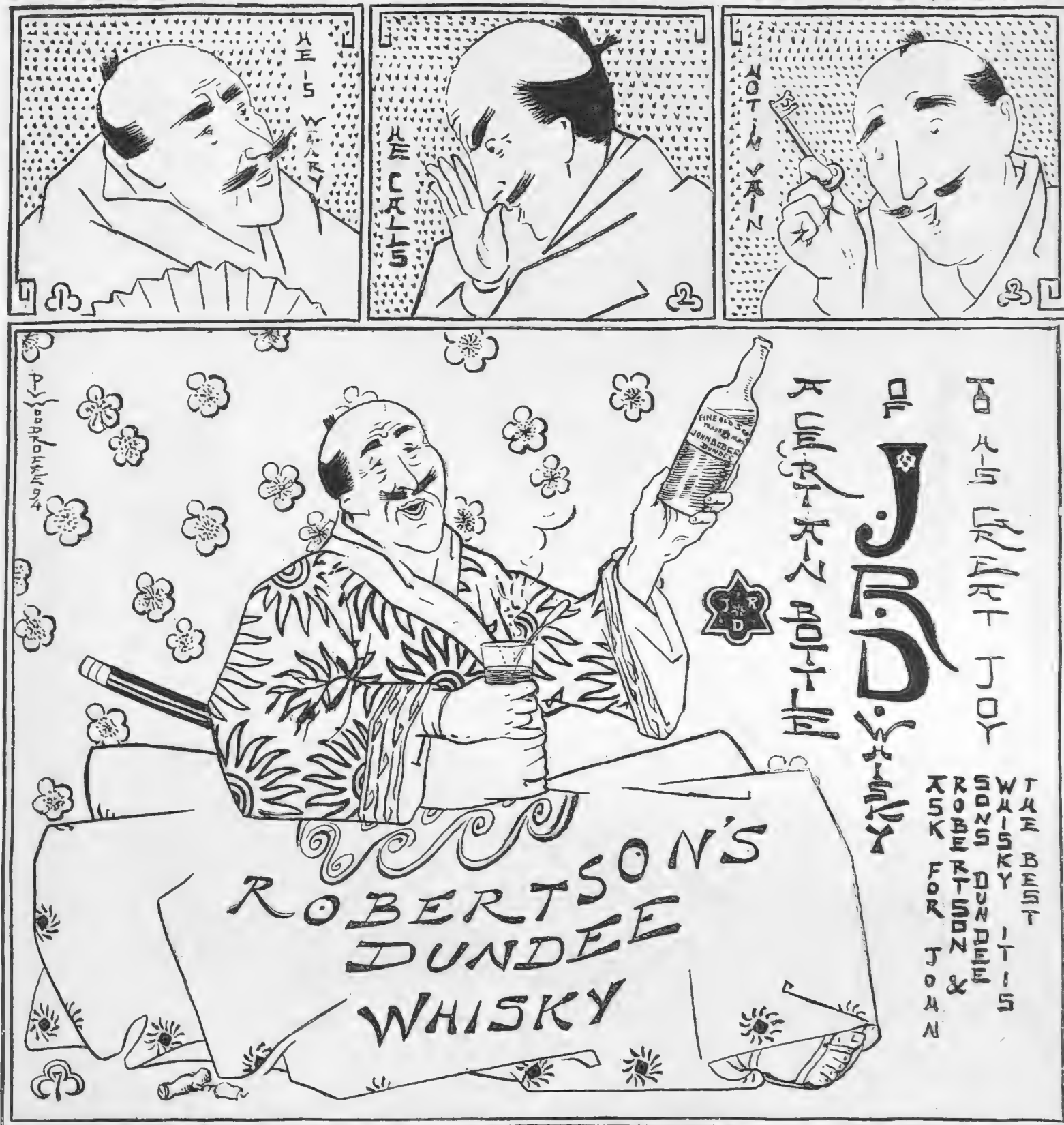
Lectures are often much more intolerable to read than to listen to, and that is saying much. A series of very tolerable lectures, however, has been issued by Messrs. Macmillan, the title of which will be apt to keep away all but scholastic persons. They are called "Aspects of Modern Study," and are the University Extension addresses delivered at the Mansion House since 1886. Eminent men have aired their theories and fads and specialties in the shape of excellent advice; but, as they are serious enough to throw light on the intentions of an interesting movement, they are also bright enough and literary enough in form to be pleasant reading. The lectures of Bishop Westcott on "Ideals," Professor Jebb on "The Greek Mind," and Mr. John Morley on "The Study of Literature" are full of refinement and humanity.—o. o.

SOME SCENES AT HENLEY.





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## PARLIAMENT.

BY "A CAUTIOUS CONSERVATIVE."

The talk is all of the business of the House. Will the Evicted Tenants Bill be passed? Will the Miners' Eight-Hours Bill? If not, why not, and what will the Irishmen and the Labour members say? And when will the holidays come? Vain questionings, all; but these questions are meat and drink to the Liberal and Radical of to-day, who lives on, scheming and hoping to get his favourite Bill just one place higher than his neighbour's in the Newcastle Programme. The poor Welsh members, by-the-way, are utterly "out of it," Mr. Lloyd-George and his rebellious Four—or the Four Georges, as they may be called. The "tip" among Liberals seems to be that Welsh Disestablishment is such a great and glorious thing that it must be reserved for another session. If the Welshmen are satisfied with that, why shouldn't the Eight-Hours men be put off too. Is not their scheme also a great and glorious "Labour" innovation? As for the Irishmen, Home Rule having already been shunted on precisely this plea, they can hardly be expected to wait cheerfully for their other Bill too. Poor Home Rule! Mr. Justin McCarthy has just declared that the Anti-Parnellite party, or that section of the group which owns him as spokesman, will be contented if a resolution reaffirming the principle is passed next session. His kindness to the broken-down Liberals passes comprehension. Affirm the principle? I should think they would. It is so easy that I wonder why they haven't done it this summer. Happy thought!—why doesn't Sir William Harcourt substitute a Home Rule resolution for all the rest of the proposed business, and wind up the session at once, after Supply? He could then retire on his Budget in peace and with dignity, as the descendant of the Plantagenets should.

## PROTRACTION OR OBSTRUCTION?

But should the Evicted Tenants Bill or the Eight-Hours Bill, or both, be pressed on, then the Government will be taxing the support of their party to a considerable extent. The Irish Bill might be passed, with the help of the Unionists, if it were so amended as to make it in accordance with the Unionist policy of Clause 13 of the Land Purchase Act. Otherwise, it will be steadily resisted. The Eight-Hours Bill, too, unless so amended as to take away its compulsory character, would involve protracted discussion. A good many Gladstonians, including Mr. Mather, are strongly opposed to going on with the Bill, and the Government must reckon with them. The Radicals will, of course, set up their usual cry of "Obstruction," whatever happens. But if fresh work is taken up after the first week of July, and after the labours of the Budget and the preceding eighteen months, the Government would clearly be responsible for protracting the session. This is an interesting moment, but I do not think the Rosebery combination is in a fighting mood.

## SIR GEORGE TREVELYAN AGAIN.

That precious Special Scotch Committee has quickly got Sir George Trevelyan into trouble. His colleagues must be thoroughly sick both of it and of him. For a few weeks, since it began its sittings, very little has been heard of it. But at last its proceedings have very nearly come to an end, and the Scotch Parish Councils Bill too. Mr. Seymour Keay, who used to be the bugbear of the Conservatives (sharing that honour with Mr. Alpheus Cleophas Morton), has been one too much for his "leader," the Scotch Secretary. Mr. Keay proposed to give the Parish Councils power to erect workmen's dwellings, and Sir George Trevelyan refused to accept the amendment, on the ground that it would wreck the Bill. Nevertheless, the Radicals on the Committee all voted for it, and Sir George is now in a very awkward position. He little thought when he proposed to hand over the Committee stage of the Bill to a majority of Scotch Radicals that they would turn and rend him like this. But retribution has come. The older one grows, the more one gets to believe in these copy-book generalisations.

## ATTERCLIFFE.

The election at Attercliffe is a disappointment. It was natural to expect that the Conservative poll would keep steady, and that the Labour candidate would draw votes from the Radical. But the Radical has been elected, and the Labour candidate has drawn votes, as it looks, pretty equally from both sides. The official Liberals are, therefore, very cock-a-whoop, and with some justification. The secret of the whole affair seems to me to be this, and it is not one which is altogether gratifying to the Opposition: the introduction of a Labour candidate at Sheffield, or anywhere where a three-cornered contest is brought about, makes "Labour" the subject which voters talk about, and the discontented, who generally vote against the Government, whatever Government may be in, have a cave made for them, into which they are only too ready to creep. Meanwhile, the Imperial questions, which are vital to the Conservative and Unionist party, are put into the background. This hits us in two ways. In the first place, it shows up our want of a Labour Programme, and in the second it loses us the votes which ought to go to us simply as the Opposition. It is on these votes that the "pendulum theory" depends, and if we don't get the advantage upon which we reckon, by the swing of the pendulum, at the next General Election, we shall not do as well as it has been reasonable to expect. Promises the Conservatives have never been good in. We think ourselves too honest to pledge ourselves to all sorts of measures, as the Radicals do, and that is why the Attercliffe election is a message of hope to the Liberals. It shows them that a three-cornered contest on a Labour subject really can draw off votes from the Conservatives.

## PARLIAMENT.

BY "A RASH RADICAL."

The Budget Bill is through Committee, and Sir William Harcourt got a rousing cheer from his followers as he passed serenely out of the House behind the Chair. On the whole, he deserves his triumph, which will be emphasised in a few days by the dinner to him which is to be given at the National Liberal Club by his followers in the House of Commons. He is now in his pretty country-house in the New Forest, taking a rest which nobody grudges him, but which has set the tongues of gossips wagging more curiously than ever. I confess that I do not share the opinion that if he goes the loss of his leadership will be keenly felt. He has worked the Budget admirably, and has thrown into it much more intellectual keenness, debating dexterity, and real human good sense than all his opponents put together; but as a Leader he is not likely to be a supreme success. He has done too much compromising to please the Radicals, and the little conferences behind the Chair have been frequent enough to merit a good deal of dry comment among both parties. Strong in speech, he is apt to be a little weak in action; he is impulsive; he changes his mind, and he is apt to say things which busy tongues are only too glad to repeat against him. Moreover, he does not belong to the great race of idealist statesmen, men like Mr. Gladstone and, in a way, Mr. John Morley; he is the gladiator fighting, and fighting well, for his side, but not throwing any great weight of personal conviction into the battle. Nevertheless, from the debating point of view, he will, if he goes, leave behind him no superior in the House. Mr. Asquith may develop into a great champion in time, but it is not possible for any man who cannot command the very highest gifts of genius and the most remarkable assemblage of talents to leap all at once into the place of mastery in the House of Commons. In these respects, he will be missed, and greatly missed, if, after all, he decides to retire; but to-day people seem to think that the old war-horse is too fond of the battle to be restful when he is well out of the sound of cannon.

## THE MORAL OF ATTERCLIFFE.

Meanwhile, with the Budget practically over, save a final debate on report, the chief interest of Parliamentary life has been concentrated on the Attercliffe election. The Liberal has won by a much larger majority than his friends expected him to obtain, and there is proportionate rejoicing in the Liberal camp. On the other hand, the rather ugly manoeuvres by which Mr. Langley got the nomination and Mr. Hobson was ousted has been bitterly resented, and even among the rank and file of Liberal members there has been an ominous shaking of heads over the jockeying in the whole affair. It is idle to pretend that there was no such manoeuvring, or to lay the blame on Mr. Hobson; to some extent, no doubt, Mr. Hobson complicated matters by his reticence, and even timidity. If he had stuck to the seat, and insisted on his right to stand, the Liberals might have given way; on the other hand, the Liberal candidate was not a particularly brilliant one. Mr. Frank Smith is an emotional gentleman, with a certain facility for saying suggestive things in a taking way, but without any very real command of the Labour Question. He follows a little too closely the eccentric guidance of Mr. William Saunders, who is hardly a safe political mentor. Nevertheless, Liberals here are not at all inclined to make light of the fact that a stranger to Sheffield, who was not a working-man, and who, at the same time, would have nothing to say to the Liberal party, succeeds in polling, after two or three days' canvassing, as many as twelve hundred votes. Certainly, it was a great deal more than the orthodox Sheffield Liberals were inclined to expect. One of them told me confidentially that Mr. Frank Smith would not get more than eight hundred votes; however, there is a prospect that the Attercliffe contest will be a useful warning to the anti-Labour Liberals. At head-quarters there is plenty of feeling for Labour; it is the north country Liberal Associations where real antagonism prevails. Looking at it in the right way, Attercliffe is a warning which these gentlemen cannot afford to disregard.

## ON THE ARMY AND ALIENS.

We have had Army Estimates all the week, and nobody but an old Parliamentary hand knows how dull estimates can be. Mr. Campbell-Bannerman is the most patient of men, and he sits through acres and leagues of talk, and then gets up, smiling, to make a chirpy little speech, which does not produce the smallest effect on the adamant bosoms of Mr. Bowles and Mr. Hanbury; then more acres of talk about arms and accoutrements and the sad, bad case of Dr. A and Captain B, and the merits of Irish hay, and the shortcomings of the Yeomanry, and the virtues of the Volunteers, all supplied by gentlemen who know more or less about their subject, but who know very little about the Queen's English. This is the House during Army Estimates—that is to say, there are fifteen or twenty members engaged in serving their country in this fashion, and the remainder are out on the Terrace, smoking and escorting pretty ladies in pretty dresses and amusing themselves very well. Tea on the Terrace and dinner in the private dining-rooms—these are the chief characteristics of the House of Commons of to-day. The House of Lords has been trying to excite itself over the Bishop of London's Bill dealing with public-houses, but neither party blessed it with approval. Lord Salisbury's indiscreet speech about aliens and Anarchists was regretted by everyone who knows how delicate our foreign relations are just now. The Prime Minister's reproof to Lord Salisbury was both timely and dignified, and made a great impression by its solemnity.

## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

## AN INTERESTING "AT HOME."

If the spirits of the "Fair Women" whose portraits adorn the walls of the Grafton Gallery just now were present in one form or another on the night of Wednesday last and the early hours of Thursday morning, they would, no doubt, have been deeply chagrined at the scant attention which their counterfeit presentments received from the four or five hundred people who had assembled at Mrs. George Alexander's "At Home," for there were so many beautiful celebrities present in person that it is small wonder the pictured charms of the old-time beauties waxed dim in comparison, and then the gowns were so particularly lovely that feminine eyes had plenty of occupation provided for them. Mrs. George Alexander, most charming of hostesses, looked particularly piquant and smart in an exquisite gown of white satin, the trained skirt perfectly plain save for two bands of silver sequins, which passed up the sides of the front, while at the back it was arranged in four fluted pleats bordered with sequins. The bodice was adorned with some beautiful mellow-tinted lace, the waist being outlined by a shaped belt formed of sequins sewn on to the satin. In her dark hair a black quill studded with three diamond stars was



placed upright in front with exceedingly good effect, and she also wore a magnificent diamond necklace, the pretty picture being completed by a huge shower bouquet of blush-pink roses. Miss Ellen Terry looked lovely in a strikingly handsome gown of white brocade patterned with a bold design in deep yellow, the skirt being trimmed with a vandyked flounce of white lace, headed by festoons of pearls, which were caught up with square-cut rubies set in diamonds and little bunches of red-velvet geraniums, the same flowers nestling in the fluffy masses of her fair hair. The bodice was outlined with a roll of yellow velvet, from beneath which fell a deep frill of lace, and it was finished by revers of geranium-red velvet embroidered with gold. Needless to say, Miss Terry was a centre of attraction. Mrs. Tree was beautifully dressed, as usual, and looked delightful in a very original gown of pearly-grey satin, brocaded in a very rich and quaint French design, carried out in various perfectly-blended colours, in which blue was predominant, and glistening with interwoven threads of silver. The skirt was entirely bordered with pink Banksia roses, and the bodice was cleverly arranged with puffings of pearly-grey tulle, caught in by bands of jewelled passementerie. Mrs. Tree's hair was held up by a jewelled Grecian net, which was passed beneath the prettily-arranged tresses and fastened at each side. Miss Marion Terry wore eau-de-Nil brocade, and a great jewelled butterfly being poised on the right side of the bodice; and Miss Irene Vanbrugh had chosen the same colour, the satin skirt being quite plain, and the chiffon bodice, with its frilled sleeves, being held in round the waist by a narrow band of gold braid. Miss Lily Hanbury looked regally handsome in a white satin gown, very simply made, the bodice being trimmed with filmy lace, which formed cascade frills down the back of the skirt, and she wore some roses of that wonderful pinkish-coppery hue which is so beautiful.

Miss Julia Neilson was a noticeable figure in a perfectly plain gown of black silk, with full bishop's sleeves, a deep cape of yellowish lace and net, which fell just to the waist, being arranged fichu fashion round the low-cut bodice. She looked supremely beautiful, too. There were hosts of literary and social as well as theatrical celebrities present—too many

by far for me to notice; so I must be content with having told you about the gowns worn by a few of those who are sure to interest everyone. I noticed, however, that chiffon was very largely worn, many of the sleeves being composed of multitudinous frills or puffings of this airy fabric, while there were chiffon bodices galore, the satin or brocade skirts being, in most cases, of an entirely different colour, blue and pink being the favourite combination.

## FASHIONS UP TO DATE.

I think it was the sight of all these lovely gowns that inspired me to rise up in the heat of the next day and make my way to the Maison Jay in Regent Street, there to feast my eyes on some other beautiful creations, which had just been completed for a well-known society beauty. One was of white satin, the skirt entirely veiled with accordion-pleated tulle of that delicate pinkish mauve tint which one sees on lilac-buds. It was sewn with silver sequins, clustering closely near the waist, and being scattered at wider intervals near the hem, every movement of the wearer producing some new and beautiful effect. The draped corsage of white satin was studded with silver sequins, which appeared on the pointed berthe of the tulle and the satin shoulder-straps. At the right side of the bodice was cunningly placed a cluster of vivid-blue flowers, which came beyond the range of my botanical knowledge. Daring, was it not? But you want to see it to appreciate how successful the arrangement was. Another gown had a perfectly plain skirt of white mirror velvet, a scarf of white chiffon encircling the waist, the long ends being fringed with jet, while the bodice, also of the velvet, was enriched with bands of wonderfully handsome jet passementerie and touches of old lace, the cuffs of the elbow-sleeves being fastened with black silk lace, and a cluster of exquisite pink roses on the left shoulder giving a pretty touch of colour. Most striking of all was a white satin gown with a deep band of jet embroidery round the skirt, and a drapery of lace down the left side, fastened by a great bow of blue moiré antique. The bodice was of white satin, jet embroidered, and with a deep draped waistband of blue moiré, finishing in a large bow high up on the right side, and fastened with a diamond buckle, through which were thrust two vivid scarlet tropical flowers. Then, not content with descriptions only, I prevailed on Messrs. Jay to let me have sketches of

two of their latest productions in the way of evening gowns for your special edification. One has a skirt of white satin, with scarves of yellow chiffon falling from the waist at each side, and caught midway with a large bow, the ends being bordered with tiny pink rosebuds. The yellow chiffon bodice is also outlined with roses, and arranged with lovely old lace, and there are not many women who could resist the fascination of this lovely dress. The other is of corn-flower-bluesatin, the skirt plain, with the exception of a panel of chiffon at the left side. In this case, also, the bodice is





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Royal Princesses and Duchesses, H.R.H. the Duchess of  
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# CHILDREN REARED ON MELLIN'S FOOD.



**TESTIMONIAL**  
FROM  
Her Imperial Majesty  
THE  
**EMPRESS OF  
GERMANY.**

**TRANSLATION.**

Berlin, April 14, 1893.  
At Mr. Mellin's request it is hereby certified that his "Food" for Children has been used with the best results by the young Princes, sons of their Imperial Majesties the Emperor and Empress.  
The Cabinet of Her Majesty the Empress and Queen.



**Awarded  
HIGHEST HONOURS**  
VIZ.:  
**The Gold Medal  
and Diploma**  
AT THE  
**CHICAGO  
EXHIBITION.**

Cairnmona, Dowlish, May 9, 1894.  
Dear Sir,—I enclose photo of my little son, Fairlie Pardoe, aged two years, brought up exclusively on your food, as were five of his brothers and sisters. At his birth he was very delicate, and is now as strong and merry as his photo shows.—Yours truly, M. F. PARDOE.



Mr. G. Mellin,

Manorside, Manor Road, High Barnet,  
June 14, 1894.

Sir,—I enclose photos of my two children which have been reared on your excellent Food. They are two of the finest and healthiest children in this neighbourhood. In the case of the little girl, every other food was tried in vain, Mellin's was the only one she could digest, and it worked wonders for her. The boy has been fed on Mellin's since he was two months old, has sixteen teeth, can run, and has never known an hour's illness.—Yours faithfully, (Mrs.) EMILY SCHWIER.

The above Testimonials are only a selection from many thousands received from grateful mothers.

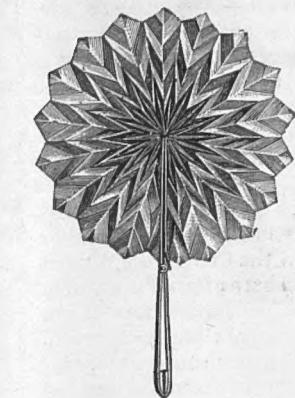
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entirely composed of chiffon, the maize-coloured waistband, which was fastened by a diamond buckle, matching in hue the spray of flowers which forms the only other trimming.

But even the fascinations of such beautiful gowns as these must be displaced for the moment by the charms of the dainty little pocket fan,

by means of which, in spite of its small size, you can manage to keep delightfully cool—for a time, at least—even on the hottest day, and even in such places of torment as the Underground Railway. This little fan is the production of the London Glove Company, of 45A, Cheapside, and, as for 1s. 8d. you can get one in black or any coloured silk, who would be without one? It folds up into a wonderfully small compass, as you can judge by the accompanying illustrations, and you can carry it about in your pocket in readiness for use at any moment; indeed, it is one of those few things which help to make this weather bearable. If you want to be particularly grand, you can get one of these pocket fans mounted in ebony for 4s. 3d., or in white bone for 6s. 6d., and these would be particularly nice for presents. When you go to get one, or write for one, you



should invest in a pair of the new black kid gloves, with a pinked-out bordering of kid in some contrasting colour covered with black lace, the stitching and buttons matching this border in colour. They are very



pretty and dressy-looking, and you can get them for 3s. 3d. a pair. They look particularly well with a border of turquoise-blue kid and stitching to match, but you can get them in a variety of colours.

One more sale still remains to be recorded—that which Mrs. Farey is now holding at 231, Regent Street—and, as the best means of showing you what desirable purchases you can make there, I will just draw your special attention to the charming hat I have had sketched for you. It is of deep cream straw, with a plaid design in red and blue which is quite original and very smart. For trimming it has rosettes of red tulle, and a cluster of scarlet poppies and vivid-blue cornflowers, intermixed with



oats and blow-aways, all connected by twisted green stalks in a quaintly pretty fashion. Nothing could be daintier or more suitable for summer holiday wear, and it is only 15s. 6d. This will give you some idea of the pleasant surprises in store for you in the shape of reductions in price, and you will also do well to look at a striking hat of black lace, with a crown of gold gauze, adorned with bows of black moiré ribbon, two black quills encrusted with jet and with an appliqué of cream guipure, and a bunch of scarlet poppies. The price of this pretty thing is only 21s. 9d., and for one guinea I noticed a dainty toque of black lace and exquisite jewelled passementerie in two shades of mauve

trimmed with loops of dark mauve velvet and sprays of shaded clover, while nothing could be smarter than a sailor hat of coarse tanned straw, trimmed with black moiré and jetted quills, and priced at 10s. 6d. So take advantage of the sale while there is time; you all know how pretty and smart Mrs. Farey's millinery is, and it has all been considerably reduced in price.

When you wend your way to the Earl's Court Exhibition—as, sooner or later, you will all do, I suppose, in spite of the unfinished state of the Great Wheel—you should make a point of seeing the exhibit of Messrs. William Wallace and Co., of Curtain Road, E.C., for it is certainly one of the most interesting to be found there, and you can thus combine instruction with amusement, and gain some very good ideas of the artistic possibilities of moderately-priced furniture by inspecting the beautifully-arranged bed-rooms and dining- and drawing-rooms which are contained in the extensive white structure, which cannot fail to catch your eye when you enter the building. In the dining-room and one of the bed-rooms you will find some splendid examples of the "Empire" decoration and furniture, the latter being carried out in dark mahogany, relieved by inlaid brass-work, and a good many people, who have for long hankered after this style, can now, thanks to Messrs. Wallace's enterprise, gratify their wishes at a very moderate cost. The drawing-room, which is simply charming, is carried out in old rose and eau-de-Nil, and the bed-room furniture displays a variety of styles, from a magnificent carved mahogany suite—a fac-simile of that supplied to the late Sir Andrew Clark when Messrs. Wallace decorated and furnished his country seat at Hatfield—to an ash or walnut suite for a child's bed-room, which is sold at the modest sum of ten pounds. The Panton Indispensable Corner wardrobe, also, has a place of honour; so, altogether, it is quite worth while paying a visit to Earl's Court, if only to see Messrs. Wallace's exhibit.

And speaking of furniture reminds me of a discovery I have made which will interest every housekeeper, prospective or otherwise. What do you think of a strong, well-made spring bedstead, 6 ft. 6 in. long, and 3 ft. wide, complete with a double-woven wire mattress, and patent side fastenings, to prevent sagging, which will be forwarded, carriage paid, if you send one guinea to the manufacturer, Charles Riley, of Freeman Street, Birmingham? These bedsteads are the most marvellous value for twenty-one shillings that I have ever come across, so with this practical hint I will close my exhortations this week.—FLORENCE.

### SOME FISHY OLD WRITERS.

There were brave men before Agamemnon, and there were writing fishermen before the immortal Izaak, who was dubbed a cruel coxcomb by Byron. Mr. R. B. Marston has written about these worthies in his addition to the Book-Lover's Library—"Walton and Some Earlier Writers on Fish and Fishing"—just published by Elliot Stock. Mr. Marston is editor of the *Fishing Gazette*, one of the founders of the Fly-Fishers' Club, and, as he confesses, without any apology in his introduction, knows something practically about angling, from fly-fishing for salmon, which he evidently considers the Seventh Heaven standard of the craft, to sniggling eels, which, apparently, is the very lowest depth, nothing less than the submerged tenth of the piscatorial kingdom. It is much in his favour that he takes up his parable at a reasonable point. Some authors have gravely stated, but on hearsay evidence that would not convince a minnow, that fly-fishing was invented by one of Noah's grandchildren. There are undoubted references to hooking leviathans and casting angles in brooks in the oldest books of the Bible. Mr. Marston, however, denies himself the amusement of working upon these time-honoured lines, and starts fair with Piers of Fulham and the year 1420, throwing in a fishing adventure by the great Sir William Wallace, and a few stretchers in the matter of snake and fish stories which hang about the memory of St. Patrick. Dame Juliana Berners, who must have been one of the emancipated of her day, has ever been priceless to the angler when he tries the pen as a change to his greenheart, for it is seldom doubted that she wrote "The Treatise of Fysshynge wyth an Angle." It would be base ingratitude were it otherwise, for her ideas have been ever borrowed and stolen by the brotherhood at large. There are plenty of 'cute wrinkles in the tract, and if, as has been affirmed, the old lady was prioress in a nunnery, she could not always have been cooped up within its walls. Leonard Mascall was a 1590 man, and Mr. Marston, in his kindness of heart, seems to disagree with those who protested that this bookmaker looted wholesale from Dame B., and spoiled what he took. On the contrary, he is hailed as the pioneer of fish culture in this country. With a Millais, Pettie, and Orchardson, great *fin-de-siècle* slayers of salmon and trout, it ought to interest the mere artist in oils and water-colours to know that Michael Angelo was that even greater artist, the Waltonian of his age. "J. D.," who, after years of mystery, was identified as John Dennys, Esq., is the earliest angling writer known to have dropped into poetry, and his "Secrets of Angling" (1613) has some charming invocations and poetical descriptions of Nature, intermingled with rhymed instructions as to the making of hazel rods and "divers tooles, and sundry baytes in store." Gervase Markham was, in point of time, almost in the same swim with "J. D.," his "Art of Angling" appearing in 1614. The largest share of space is devoted to Walton and his contemporaries. It is, in truth, a volume delightful to read and to handle, and will be welcome alike in the inner pocket of the angler's bag and on the book-lover's jealously-guarded shelves.



## NOTES FROM THE EXCHANGE.

*"All is not Gold that Glitters."*

DEAR SIR,—

Capel Court, July 7, 1894.

There is an active inquiry for gold in moderate parcels on Continental account, while improved trade is creating an increased demand for internal currency; but there is no denying that, for the present, at least, the resources of the money market are considerably in excess of the demand.

Business on the Stock Exchange has been very quiet all the week, despite our friend the "Anarchist," whose appearance in the very middle of the American market made quite a sensation on Thursday afternoon, and caused a flutter of excitement, really pleasurable while it lasted. But for the volume of business doing in Consols, Colonials, high-class debentures, and especially in Colonial Corporation stocks, there would really be very little going on, for anything like a sign of returning speculative activity is very difficult to perceive. There has been trouble over the account of one firm of brokers, whose clients seem to have got out of their depth in South African mines and land shares, but matters were arranged without an actual smash, although several "bull" accounts in South African shares which have been closed during the last few days naturally produced a little weakness.

In America we are, it seems, face to face with something like a second Civil War, and at the time we write, dear Sir, from the Pacific coast to far east of Chicago comes the same miserable story of fire, destruction, and street fighting. Probably the very violence of the storm will bring about its speedy termination; but the vast destruction of railway and other property is bound to leave behind a legacy of woe, and it is not surprising that, for the present, at least, all calculations of improvement are falsified.

Mr. Fleming's report on the Atchison reorganisation, made as the result of his visit to America, is now public property, and anyone who reads it carefully must, we should think, be convinced that the plan proposed is the best way out of the difficulty for the A and B bondholders. It is so very easy, dear Sir, to prate about giving up rights which, if they were enforced, would mean destruction to the very people enforcing them, that we are not surprised at some of our newspaper scribes filling columns with abuse of the committee and the plan now put forward; but practical people will, on consideration, see the wisdom of being guided by expediency and accepting a compromise of their strict legal rights in order to make the best of their property.

Foreign stocks have been firm in tone, without much feature. The Greek negotiations seem to make little or no progress, and advices from Buenos Ayres are not encouraging, although the gold premium is down in the region of 260 again; on the other hand, we hear good reports from Monte Video, where the railway traffics continue to show large increases.

Sir Alfred Dent has retired from the chairmanship of the Peruvian Corporation, and, despite the excuse given, it seems as if there had been some disagreement between himself and his colleagues—at least, this is the idea that the published correspondence leaves in our mind. The times are not such that the chairman of the Corporation can retire without exciting considerable public comment, and the old story about "other engagements" has done duty in the case of the Trustees and Executors and various other important concerns to conceal reasons which, if they had been made public, would have created not a little misgiving in the shareholders' minds, so that it is, perhaps, natural there should be a very uneasy feeling as to the future of this gigantic Peruvian concern.

The Australian situation has provided yet another surprise, this time in the case of the Bank of New Zealand and the Government of the colony from which it takes its name. An issue of £2,000,000 preference shares, with interest guaranteed by the colony at 4 per cent, is to be made, and so secret were the negotiations kept that, until everything was arranged, not even a suspicion of the deal, or the necessity for it, was known in the market. This is as it should have been, for the least publicity would have created something like a panic, and brought about the very disaster which was to be guarded against. In many ways the arrangement is to be looked upon favourably, but the very necessity for some action exposes the gravity of the position, and makes us wonder if things are not really worse in Australia than most of us have hitherto believed. A year ago, dear Sir, we told you that the future career of many of the reconstructed banks would be watched with great interest and considerable misgiving by people who knew Australia well, but we had no idea that such a potent sign of danger would be so very much in evidence within so short a time.

We rather anticipate that Olympia shares will improve on the interim dividend to be declared this month, and the Palace Theatre still continues to do very bad business. If with the houses that this concern has been drawing for the last few months a good profit is not made, it will be about time to put up the shutters; but we anticipate that at present this show must be paying well. The Gigantic Wheel at Earl's Court is not ready, and, unless the directors bestir themselves, this season, at least, will be lost.—We are, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

S. Simon, Esq.

LAMB, SHEARER, AND CO.

## COMPANY ISSUES OF THE WEEK.

The following prospectuses have reached us—

E. LACON AND COMPANY, LIMITED.—This company is offering £150,000 4 per cent. mortgage debenture stock at par, and from the

prospectus the security seems ample. We like the prospectus, which seems to us a genuine document, and contains information doubly valuable, as it was not prepared for the purpose of obtaining money from the public. We consider any person may safely subscribe for these debentures.

THE CHILIAN MANGANESE MINES, LIMITED.—Applications are invited for £32,800 7 per cent. first debentures, to enable the company to complete the payment for 65,000 fully-paid shares in the Las Cabesses Manganese Mines, Limited. The story appears a complicated one, and the security none of the best. If people want to go mining, they had far better risk their money in shares and take the profits which may be made, not act the part of the cat to the shareholder's monkey. Any prudent person will leave these debentures alone.

THE GREAT BOULDER PROPRIETARY GOLD MINES, LIMITED.—This company has been formed to acquire and work a group of claims (containing 103 acres) on the Yilgarn Goldfield in the Coolgardie district of Western Australia, and is offering 100,000 £1 shares for subscription. The board is a strong one, and it is clear that the promoters hope to get their money from the nitrate connection. We do not suppose for an instant that they are likely to get much from any other source, however good the property may be, for it is situated 120 miles from the nearest railway, and the cost of carting machinery at £20 a ton, to say nothing of stores and other necessities, will be very heavy. The concern is said to be underwritten, and our readers will do well not to deprive the gentlemen who have undertaken this bold venture of the shares, which they are, no doubt, getting well paid to apply for. The nitrate people have hitherto not been over-lucky in their mining ventures; perhaps this gold business may turn out better than the silver or the quicksilver in which they have hitherto dabbled.

We are authorised to state that there is no foundation for the rumour that Cleaver's soap business was to be turned into a public company.

## FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

*In consequence of numerous applications, we have made arrangements for Messrs. Lamb, Shearer, and Co. to answer through the medium of our columns such questions on investment and other financial matters as our readers may address to the City Editor of this paper.*

*Correspondents must observe the following rules—*

- (1) All letters must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand, and must reach the Office not later than Thursday in each week for answer in the following issue.
- (2) Correspondents must send their name and address, as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.
- (3) Every effort will be made by Messrs. Lamb, Shearer, and Co. to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.
- (4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.
- (5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.
- (6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.
- (7) No anonymous letters will receive attention. No brokers can be recommended, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.

*Unless the above rules are observed, it will be impossible to carry out the wishes of the numerous readers at whose desire this new departure has been undertaken, and we trust, therefore, that correspondents will aid us by observing the rules we have laid down in the general interest.*

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CRASSUS.—The answer we ought to give you is to consult the solicitor to your settlement trustees; but, to save you 6s. 8d., we will say that the proposal you make is quite preposterous. It would be as reasonable for the trustees to ask you to make up any deficiency if the market price dropped as for you to ask them to hand over any surplus when it rises. The rise or fall in value must be borne by the corpus of the trust.

SCOTTIE.—As to the first question you asked us about last week, see a long article in the *Financial Times* of July 6. Send the Joint Stock Institute the copies of the pleadings in your Turner-Lupton action, and we think they will put pressure on.

W. A.—Thanks. The objection to the United States Breweries debentures is that they are hard to buy or sell, but you can't have a safe 6 per cent. investment with the advantages of Consols.

INQUIRER.—We are told the report of the Trustees Corporation Investigation Committee will be out next week, and has not been toned down; but we shall see. You did right in voting for Mr. Young's scheme at the Industrial Trust, and you will now get part of the dividend which you have been deprived of so long.

RUINED.—You violate nearly every one of our correspondence rules. If you will observe them, we will answer such of your questions as are not mere points of law.

J. W. W.—No. Of course, you can withdraw before allotment; but we fear this will catch your eye too late; so we are sending you a letter by post, and hope that on receipt of it you will wire your withdrawal, and by the same day's post confirm the telegram. If you have not done this, you had better give your money up as a bad debt.

HOLDER.—What chance of doing any good can a reconstruction of the Greta Collieries, Limited, have, while all the litigation with unsatisfied shareholders is going on? If the thirty or forty people who are suing the old company win, it would mean ruin to any reconstructed concern and the loss of the further money you are asked to put in.